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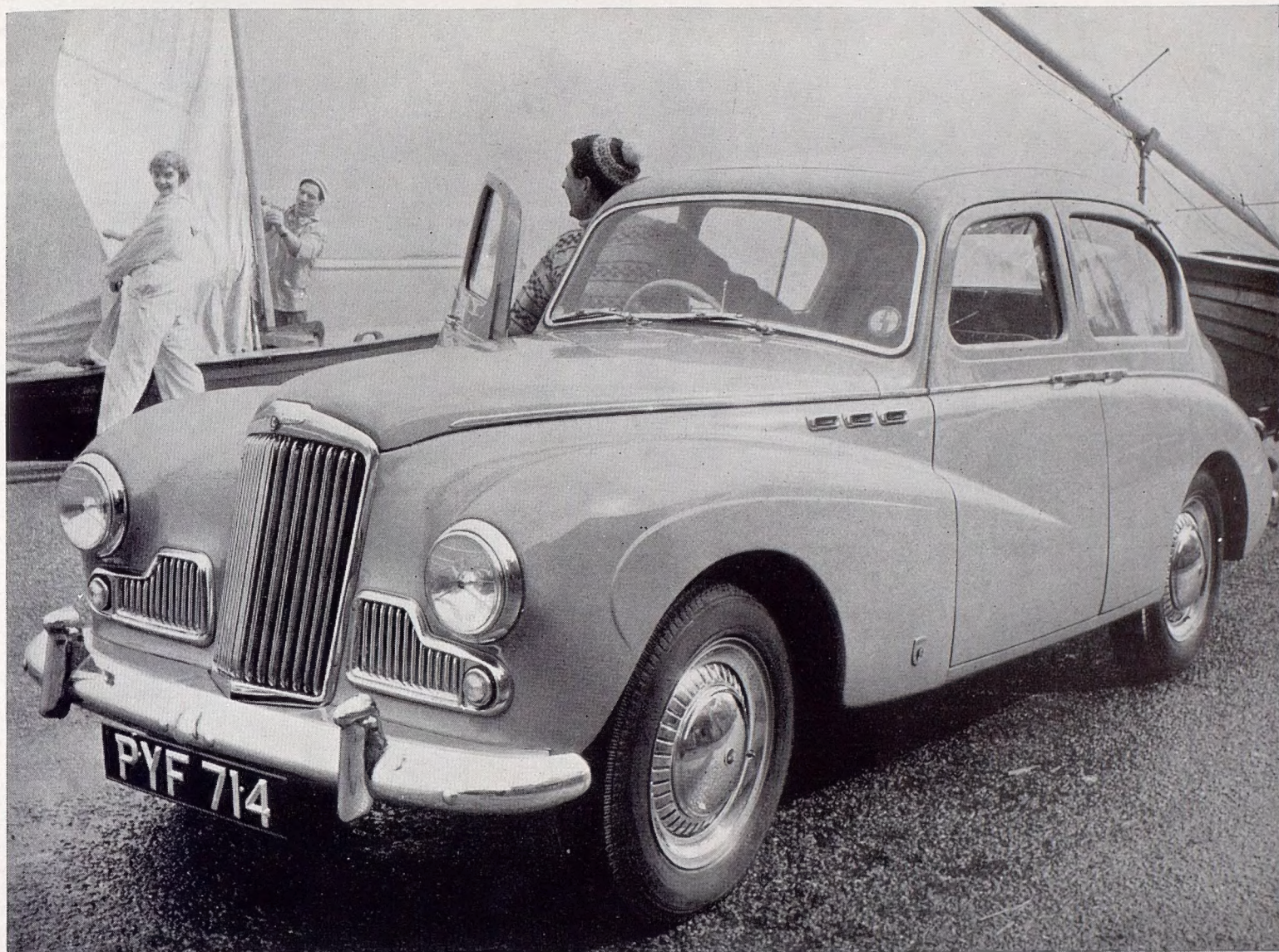


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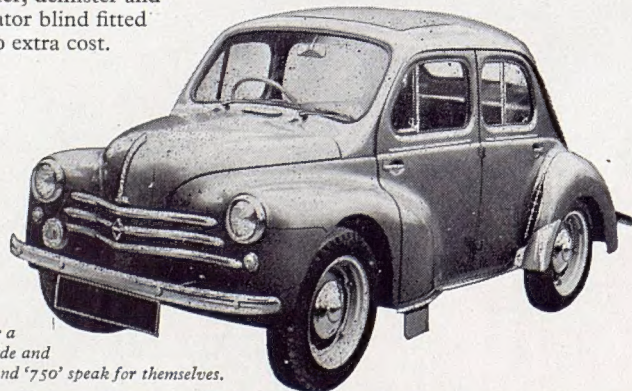
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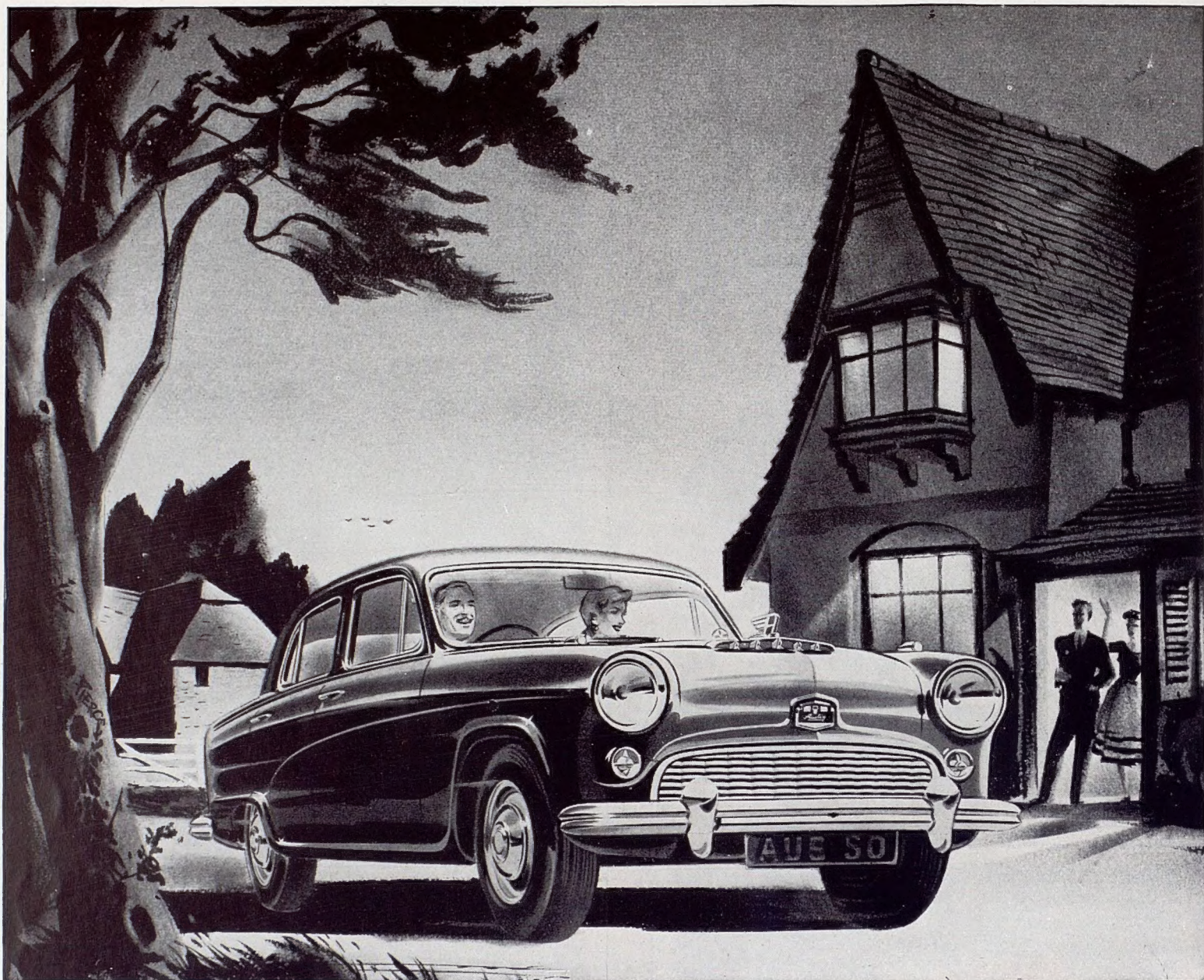
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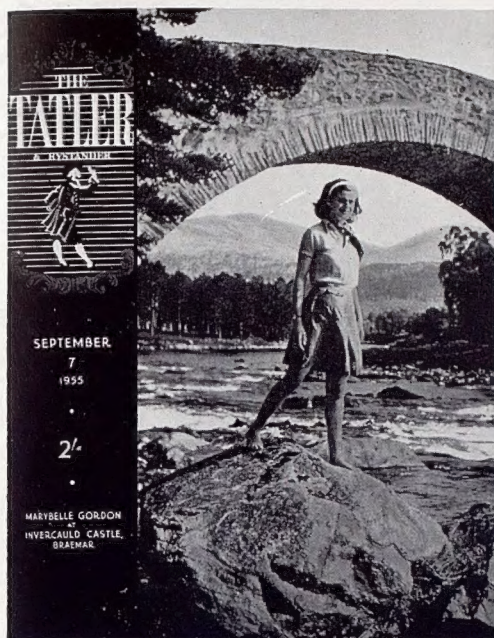


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MISS MARYBELLE GORDON is the sixteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. F. Farquharson and stepdaughter of Capt. F. Farquharson, the Laird of Invercauld, who has an estate of two thousand acres. She was at school in Switzerland last winter, and in the spring continued her education at Florence where she will be returning in September to study art. She also plays the piano. Her recreations include riding, fishing and outdoor activities, and she is a first-class skier

## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From September 7 to September 14

**Sept. 7 (Wed.)** The St. Leger run at Doncaster.  
Opening of the oyster fishing season at Whitstable, Kent.

The Aboyne Games, Aberdeenshire.

First night: *Julius Caesar* (The Old Vic).

**Sept. 8 (Thurs.)** The Royal Highland Gathering, Braemar.

Westmorland County Show, Kendal.

Pony Club Championships, Kenilworth, Warwickshire.

Dances: Mrs. Howard Aykroyd for Miss Jan Aykroyd, at Kirby Overblow, near Harrogate.  
The Hon. Mrs. Gascoigne for Miss Veronica Gascoigne, in Aberdeenshire.

First night: *The Buccaneers* (Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith).

Golf: International Brabazon Trophy (to 10th). Gosforth Park, Newcastle upon Tyne.

Racing at Doncaster (to Sept. 9).

**Sept. 9 (Fri.)** The Aboyne Ball, Aberdeenshire.

Dance: Mrs. Graeme Whitelaw for Miss Sally Whitelaw at Knockando House, Knockando, Moray.

First night: *The Burnt Flower-Bed* (Arts Theatre).

**Sept. 10 (Sat.)** Vintage Car Club meeting at Goodwood, Sussex.

Northampton County Show, Althorp Park, Northampton.

Riding Clubs Inter-Club Championship, Kenilworth, Warwickshire.

London Salon of Photography Exhibition opens at the R.W.S. Galleries (to October 8).  
Racing at Ripon and Sandown Park.

**Sept. 11 (Sun.)**

**Sept. 12 (Mon.)** Battle of Britain Week (to Sept. 18).  
Northern Antique Dealers Fair at Harrogate (to Sept. 17).

Dance: Mrs. Brodie of Lethen for Miss Marion Brodie at Lethen, Nairn.

First night: Azuma Kabuki Dancers at Covent Garden.

Racing at Wolverhampton (two days).

**Sept. 13 (Tues.)** Northern Meeting Ball at Inverness.  
R.B.A. Exhibition opens at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall.

First nights: Stuttgart State Opera Season at the Royal Festival Hall (to Sept. 22).

*La Dame aux Camélias*, with Edwige Feuillère (Duke of York's).

Racing at Wolverhampton (one day) and Yorkmouth (three days).

**Sept. 14 (Wed.)** Argyllshire Highland Gathering at Oban (two days).

Western Meeting, Ayr (three days).

Dance given by Lord Inchcape for Lady Rosemary Mackay and for the Hon. Simon Mackay's coming-of-age, at Glenapp Castle, Ballantrae, Ayrshire.

First night: *Lucky Strike* (Apollo).

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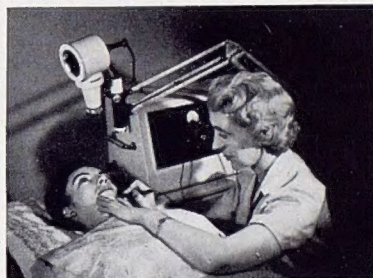
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## An engagement in Northants

**M**MR. EDMUND BRUDENELL, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Brudenell, at his home, Deene Park, Corby, with his fiancée, Miss Marian Manningham-Buller, second daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, Q.C., M.P., Attorney-General, and Lady Mary Manningham-Buller, of Green's Norton Court, Towcester. Mr. Brudenell has made a study of estate management and Miss Manningham-Buller, a 1955 débutante, recently held a secretarial post in London



## THE COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN

A CHARMING addition to the wives of the peerage is the Countess of Rosslyn, who was married to the Earl in London recently. She was Mlle. A. De Mortemart, and is the only daughter of the late Duc De Vivonne and of Mme. M. V. Ollivier. The Earl is a member of Lloyd's. He is the son of the late Lord Loughborough, and succeeded his grandfather in 1939



Yevonde

*Social Journal*

*Jennifer*

## A GREAT RIVIERA SUMMER

THIS has certainly been the most wonderful summer season on the Riviera for many years. Every hotel has been packed, and every villa let or occupied by the owners, who usually had a succession of guests. Monte Carlo is perhaps the gayest of the resorts, for here not only are there the glamorous galas at the open-air Summer Sporting Club each Friday night, but a *dîner dansant* on the terrace there each evening, with two bands and a cabaret. You can also dine and dance out of doors at the Sea Club at the Plage Lavotto, which is also down by the sea. Here Vicky

Autier entertains guests each evening with songs at the piano.

After you have bathed and sunbathed all the morning you can enjoy a "before lunch apéritif" with music at the Club de la Vigie, right on the point, sitting at small tables with brightly coloured umbrellas. Alternatively you can enjoy it peacefully beside the pool before lunching in the adjacent Beach Restaurant, which is always quiet and cool. Many energetic guests play tennis early each morning or in the late afternoon at the Monte Carlo Country Club, which is conveniently near the town centre, while others even go up to Mont Agel for a round of golf! But this is more popular

in the winter and spring months than in mid-summer when bathing, water ski-ing and sun-bathing are the favourite pastimes.

LUNCHING at the long Beach Restaurant I saw the Hon. "Jock" Skeffington's lovely wife with Earl and Countess Sodes, who are neighbours in Kent. At another table Sir Horace and Lady Evans, who were staying at the Metropole Hotel, had their very pretty daughter Jean and several friends with them. The Earl and Countess of Abingdon, the latter in a beautifully cut plain blue linen dress, came down from L'Hermitage Hotel to join friends for luncheon. Here I met Sir Brian and



Lady Mountain, the latter in very neat beach clothes, and their younger son Nicholas. They had just arrived from an Italian coastal resort which they had not found up to their expectations, so they had quickly decided to come on to Monte Carlo, which they were all enjoying. Major and Mrs. Jack Paley-Johnson were also lunching at the Beach Restaurant. They had come on, they told me, from a very enjoyable ten days at Beaulieu. Miss Penny Knowles was among the many young people enjoying a holiday at Monte Carlo, staying with her mother who had taken one of the comfortable beach cabanas for the daytime.

THESE cabanas are a great innovation on the beach this summer. They are striped green and white and are combined with sunbathing terraces that have been erected along the front. Here you can quietly spend the day away from the more crowded spots, and many visitors had rented one for a week or month. At one of them I met Mr. and Mrs. Percy Illingworth and their charming daughter Janet, who were out here for a couple of weeks. Mrs. Illingworth's mother makes her home near Monte Carlo, so they were also able to enjoy spending some of the time with her. On the night of my arrival I saw at the gala at the Summer Sporting Club, Queen Soraya of Iran. She looked radiantly beautiful in a short evening dress, with no jewellery except a pair of exquisite ear-rings, and was with a party of eight friends. Many lovely dresses and some magnificent jewels were to be seen at this gala, but I heard these had been even more spectacular at the gala the previous week, the biggest of the season. That night the wide open-air terrace around the cleverly lit glass dance floor had been transformed with fourteenth-century décor, most artistically done by M. André Levasseur, who designs a good deal for the ballet. The beautiful Italian film star Gina Lollobrigida sang several songs during the cabaret. After the cabaret there is always a brilliant display of fireworks, before guests stroll into the adjacent Casino to try their luck or watch their friends playing.

HERE I saw the Hon. Lady Baillie, very chic in white. She was staying at the Old Beach Hotel right on the sea. Lord and Lady Balfour of Inchrye were walking around greeting friends, as was Lord Iliffe, who is spending some weeks at his villa at Roque Brune with Lady Iliffe. I met Sir Frank and



PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK, who presented prizes at the Edinburgh Horse Show at Inverleith, was here being taken on a tour of the Show by the Earl of Dalkeith

Lady Sanderson, who are staying at the Hotel Metropole, also Sir Ulick and Lady Mary Alexander, the latter as lovely as ever in a plain black dress. The Alexanders, who were staying at L'Hermitage, had been dining with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sigrist on the cool and pleasant balcony of the Hotel de Paris.

The Sigrists, who are at the Metropole, have their very pretty daughter Frederika with them. She has just left Heathfield and is going to spend eighteen months finishing in France and Italy before making her début in 1957.

VISCOUNT MARGESSON and Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, the Minister of Fuel and Power, who were staying at the Old Beach Hotel I saw at the Sporting Club that evening, also Mr. Hugo and Lady Caroline Waterhouse, Viscountess Bridport, the Hon. Geoffrey Russell and the Hon. Robin Warrender and his pretty wife who was in blue. The Warrenders were staying at the Old Beach Hotel where other guests included Mr. Robert Lehman the New York banker and his wife, M. and Mme. Raymond Muse down from Paris, Mr. and Mrs.

Jerome Kandell over from the United States and the French author M. Henri Verneuil. One day I lunched at La Reserve at Beaulieu which like everywhere else was full. It was extremely pleasant on the terrace overlooking the pool and the sea. As always the menu and the cooking were outstandingly good, but disastrous for one's figure!

I STAYED, as I always do in Monte Carlo, at the superbly comfortable Hotel de Paris, with a charming room overlooking the blue Mediterranean, and as I arrived I met Lady Pulbrook, who was just going off to catch the Blue Train to Paris. She had been staying here for several weeks as the guest of charming Greek friends M. and Mme. N. Nicolaou. After a few days in Paris she was going back to London to supervise the décor of the house she has recently bought there. Mrs. Hubert Raphael and her three daughters, all looking bronzed and well, were also leaving the hotel on their way to the train, sad to be leaving after a very happy visit. Mr. Raphael had already gone on ahead motoring home. Others staying here were Capt. and Mrs. John Ide, who have frequently been in London where they have many friends; they were dining with Comte and Comtesse R. de Vogüé at the gala that night. Also at the Hotel de Paris were Baron Oppenheim, whom I had met in London recently when he was over for his son's wedding to Miss Ione Stuart-Walker, M. and Mme. Niculus Embiricos, Signor and Signora Chiavelli from Torino, Col. and Mrs. Neave, Sir Simon and Lady Marks who had their daughter Hannah and her husband and children staying at Cannes, and Mr. and Mrs. G. Mahana and their daughter Mrs. Macauley, who have been visitors here since before the war.

As always on the coast there was a lot of "villa" life. Lord Beaverbrook, who had his granddaughter Lady Jean Campbell staying with him, had been entertaining many friends at his villa La Caponcina, including Sir Patrick Hennessy. Sir Winston Churchill, I heard, was expected to stay there during the middle of this month. Mr. Harold Peake and Dame Felicity Peake have had the Earl and Countess of Selkirk staying with them at their lovely villa, while Sir John and Lady Marriott had a succession of friends visiting them in the

[Continued overleaf]



THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, M. Chauvel, opened the Gustave Doré exhibition at the Edinburgh Festival. Above, M. Gailliard, French Consul-General, and Mme. Gailliard, M. Chauvel, the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Lord Glentanar



THE ROYAL DANISH BALLET, from the Theatre Royal, Copenhagen, was at the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh, during the Festival. Here at a reception were Margrethe Schanne, Mona Vangsaa, Inge Sand, Gerda Karstens and Kirsten Ralov



## Continuing The Social Journal

American visitors  
to the Côte d'Azur

one they rented from the Countess of Kenmare at Cap Ferrat. Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander was staying in her father's villa, also at Cap Ferrat. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Slesinger had their two sons John and Anthony and a party of friends with them at the lovely villa Vista-Bella at Cap d'Antibes.

I lunched one day with Mrs. Edward Hudson from Houston, Texas, who has rented the fine Villa Camyda, right on the sea at Roque Brune, for the summer. Her young, fair-haired sons, five-year-old Joe who already water skis well, and four-year-old Lewis, were both swimming from their private beach here several times a day. Mrs. Hudson had Mrs. Mitchell and her daughter Anne, now Mrs. Tony Riggs, staying with her. They had come over from their home Castle Mitchell at Greenwich, Connecticut, for the summer and were being joined by Mr. Riggs in the middle of this month. They, like Mrs. Hudson, hope to spend a few weeks in Paris in October and then come on to London.

Other guests lunching that day were Mr. Clarence Brown the film producer, whose picture *The Yearling* was awarded one of the most coveted film trophies in America, and his very charming wife. The Browns were making their annual visit to the Hotel du Cap at Antibes, and had motored over to lunch. The famous Russian-born painter Marc Chagall and his charming wife had come over from their home at Saint-Paul. M. Chagall was discussing a plaque he is going to do of young Joe and Lewis Hudson. Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch had her son Mr. Jerry Albertini and a party of young friends staying at Villa Zima near Cannes.

I WENT to have a cocktail with Mr. Mal Maloin and his lovely wife from California who had taken Villa Chanterella at Cannes for the second year running. Later we went on to dine at Fredy's restaurant, which is one of the gayest and most fashionable dining-out places in Cannes. The Hon. Vere Harmsworth, whose father Viscount Rothermere has a lovely villa on this coast, and a party of young friends were among the English guests dining here. Other young visitors staying on the Côte d'Azur included Miss Elizabeth Gage, who was staying with her grandmother near Monte Carlo, Mr. Dick Cowell and Mr. Jean Owen over from New York to visit Cannes, and Miss Vanessa Jebb who was with her parents Sir Gladwyn and Lady Jebb in a villa at Mouans-Sartroux.

Miss Charlotte Bowater had joined with M. Calou's party of young friends at Cap Camarat, and Miss Belinda Brooks and her younger brother were on holiday with their father Mr. Ronnie Brooks at Cap d'Antibes. Miss Penelope Annesley was with her father, Mr. George Annesley, at his fine villa La Garrigue near Saint Maxim, where they gave a delightful cocktail party which was attended by the Duke of Kent and many young friends.

ONE evening I dined at La Bonne Auberge, one of the most famous restaurants on the Côte d'Azur. The cuisine is certainly superb and the setting enchanting. The occasion was a delightful dinner party given by that charming couple Count and Countess Loris Riccio, who divide their year between Rome, New York and Cannes, with short



MISS SUSAN ROPNER, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Ropner, had a coming-out dance given for her at her home, Middleton Lodge, Middleton Tyas, near Richmond, Yorks, when 350 guests were present. Above: a toast to Miss Ropner by her brother Mr. William Ropner, Miss Ruth Huggins and Mr. Derek Crossman



Above: seated, Mrs. R. Ropner, Mrs. C. Peat, Mrs. J. Ropner. Standing, Miss R. Hayes, Mr. Jonathan Ropner, Mr. R. Ropner, Mr. C. Peat

Below: Mr. Bruce Ropner, Miss Cynthia Hayes, Mr. G. Ropner, Miss Carolyn Wilson, Miss Davinia Walford and Capt. Peter Lambert



Peter M. Dearden



visits to London and Paris. Their guests at the Bonne Auberge included the Nawab and Begum of Palanpur who own the lovely Villa Poralto at Cannes where they gave a most glamorous masked ball a few days later. Prince Ibrahim and his beautiful wife who have taken a villa at Cannes for the season were also in the party. The Princess, who is one of three lovely sisters, granddaughters of the Sultan of Turkey, is a niece of the beautiful Princess of Berar who has so many friends in London, where she spends much of the year.

Other of Count and Countess Riccio's guests that evening included Mme. Michelin looking lovely in white—she has a charming home in Paris and was staying at the Hotel du Cap—Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, the latter very chic in a printed chiffon dress, and Mrs. Frank Jay Gould who is a great South of France personality and reigns supreme at Juan Les Pins.

Dining there that evening, but in another party, was Mme. Jacqueline Patnôtre, a very active personality in French politics, who owns the lovely Villa Nellie Roque. She is Mayor of Rambouillet and a member of the Senate. In her party were Mr. Don, well known for his caricatures which annually include many British racing personalities, and M. Chantemesse.

THERE were many yachts in ports along the coast, going out for day or even longer cruises in the Mediterranean. Among them were Mr. Aristotle Onassis's big boat Christina, which has its own small amphibian plane on deck. The interior of this boat, which includes a swimming pool and operating theatre, has been very cleverly designed. The décor is in perfect taste, giving one the impression of being in a lovely country house.

From my bedroom window at the Hotel de Paris I watched the Christina glide out of Monte Carlo Harbour one morning on a cruise to Capri. On board, besides Mr. and Mrs. Onassis and their two children, were the Comte and Comtesse de Vogüé and her brother M. Alain Eudeville with his American-born wife.

SIGNOR and Signora Enrico Piaggio came ashore in Monte Carlo each day from their fine new yacht Sheragat. Signor Piaggio is the inventor of that famous small conveyance the Vespa which has become an invaluable means of transport to thousands all over the world. He and his charming wife radiate gaiety wherever they go. Signora Piaggio is a daughter of the famous Italian rider Count Antonelli, who used to compete at the International Horse Show when it was held at Olympia.

Sir Giles and Lady Loder and their two sons were living on their boat Golden Beaver. They spent a short time at Cannes before moving on to Villefranche. Mrs. Bea Moresby had her enchanting little boat La Guise II in Cannes Harbour and went out in it most days, sometimes for trips to "the Islands" or Cap d'Antibes. Signor Arturo Lopez was on board his yacht Gaviotta, which had just come from Deauville. He and a party of friends were on their way to Greece. The Duc Serra di Cassano spent a few days ashore at L'Hermitage Hotel at Monte Carlo when his fine three-masted yacht was in the harbour.

I WENT to a very big cocktail party given by the President, Comte Edme de Rohan-Chabot, and members of the Motor Yacht Club Côte d'Azur. It took place on the vast terrace of the Palm Beach Restaurant right on the sea at Cannes, and inaugurated a Motor Yacht Week on the coast. There was racing each day from different ports, beginning with Cannes, the day after it took place.



**A BOURBON PRINCESS.** H.R.H. Princess Maria Cristina of Bavaria and Bourbon, eldest daughter of H.R.H. Prince Jose Eugenio of Bavaria, Spanish Infante, has been spending the summer with her parents on the French Riviera. She is here in the beautiful gardens of their residence the Villa Teba on Cap Martin near Monte Carlo. The Princess, who is twenty years old, has two brothers and a sister. Her chief recreations are painting and travel, and she is also deeply interested in the famous Spanish flamenco dancing

O'Neill





"The British Racehorse"

One of the earliest photographs of a racehorse ever taken. It is of Lord Zetland's Voltigeur, winner of the Derby and St. Leger of 1850 and the Doncaster Cup the same year. The picture was taken c. 1860 when he was at stud, and the lady offering him a piece of sugar is thought to be the second Countess of Zetland

## LAST OF THE CLASSICS

*JOHN RICKMAN, eminent racing columnist who has also appeared on television, gives here an amusing and well-informed account of the background to today's great race at Doncaster, the St. Leger, last of the five classics of the flat-racing year*

**D**ONCASTER St. Leger week! For many of my readers this will mean a few shillings or pounds on what they hope is the winner of the fifth and final classic horse race of the season—an event first run in 1776 and given its present name two years later.

For many housewives and hostesses in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire and neighbouring counties this week is one of the most strenuous of the year. Their homes are filled with friends or paying guests or just plain lodgers who have come from other parts of our land and from across the seas for this most important week.

There are hotels in Doncaster and district but they can only cater for a fraction of the army of race- and salegoers. There is barely a road or avenue in this ever-growing town that does not offer a friendly and hospitable lodging to someone who temporarily or for ever, for better or for worse, has hitched his wagon to the thoroughbred stars of the Turf.

**I**F you wish to buy and bet you must be up in the morning early for the sales, then off to the races and back to the Glasgow Paddocks for the evening session of sales.

Charles Dickens went to the 1857 St. Leger. He wrote: "the morning of the St. Leger, it becomes apparent that there has been a great influx since yesterday, both of Lunatics and Keepers." He liked his little joke but it seems to me that he was not entirely sympathetic towards this colourful gathering which was established hundreds of years before Charles Dickens entertained us.

There is evidence of racing at Doncaster in

the 1590s, and in 1614 its Corporation paid 1s. 6d. "for making the way at the horse race."

The Doncaster Corporation still organizes the races through its Race Committee. The Chairman, Alderman A. E. Cammidge, J.P., an enthusiastic worker for the cause of racing at Doncaster, doubtless looks at that item of 1s. 6d. with envious eyes and wishes the debit side of his account contained more items of similar magnitude today.



Alice Lady Derby's Acropolis (here with D. Smith up) a keenly fancied entry

The officers of the Corporation were not always noted for their enthusiasm. Although they built stands and encouraged racing with prize money for many years they had their lethargic periods. In 1766 Anthony St. Leger (he gave his name to the classic) and others had to prod the Corporation into realizing its responsibilities for providing £80 for a cup or plate. This was the year that a Gold Cup, valued £80, was offered and was the first Doncaster Cup, now and for many years one of the most important races for stayers in the Racing Calendar. It is run this week.

**T**HE Corporation received its most shattering "rocket" on record from Lord George Bentinck in 1841. He said that unless £1,000 was forthcoming the Jockey Club would transfer support "to those race-courses where the proprietors are determined not to give as little as possible but to give all they can in support of the races."

Five years before this, Lord George made Turf history when he sent Elis from Goodwood to Doncaster in a horsedrawn box to win the St. Leger when none outside of the Goodwood coterie thought that the colt could get there in time for the race. In those days horses walked in comparatively easy stages from meeting to meeting. Cyprian, one of trainer John Scott's thirty-nine classic winners and his first Oaks winner, walked from Yorkshire to Epsom and then to Newcastle where she won the Northumberland Plate.

They were mighty tough in those days, as exemplified by the following story which is sometimes questioned but which is founded on some facts, at least: In March 1802, Mr.



Oswald's grey mare, first ridden by Peirse, and Mr. Fletcher's bay mare, first ridden by Jackson, at eight stone each, met in a match at Doncaster for one thousand guineas. Each mare was to have five jockeys.

The story goes that "the bay ran away at starting and went the first time round the course in four minutes. They both ran the first ten miles in about thirty-eight minutes and went forty miles before they baited and changed riders. After having gone sixty miles, the bay tired, when Mr. Fletcher gave in."

I am happy to say that the old grey mares of today are not required to be what they used to be—on the Turf, anyway!

Now just a word about the sales conducted by Messrs Tattersalls and presided over by the talented auctioneer Kenneth Watt and a team of assistants and spotters. Last year the sales were most satisfactory. They showed a 25 per cent increase on those of 1953. Three hundred and eight lots were sold for 553,350 guineas. This is an average of 1,797 guineas. Overseas buyers helped to boost this total. But be warned should you be a casual spectator—waving to a friend across the sales ring is dangerous. Everett Clay, secretary of an American racetrack, Hialeah Park, was attending some sales and he waved to someone—not the auctioneer. For a few moments he was on the verge of owning a 4,000 guinea racehorse.

Now for the Leger. As I write, Lady Zia Wernher's filly, Meld, winner of the 1,000 Guineas and Oaks, is favourite.

If we exclude Sun Chariot, winner of wartime substitute classic races for King George VI in 1942, there have been fifty-one seasons since a filly won the 1,000 Guineas (1 m.), Oaks (1½ m.) and St. Leger (1¾ m.), the last of the classics. This treble, accomplished by only six fillies, is one of the rarest in the records of the Turf. Just listen to the names of those fillies whose ability, courage and elegance won the admiration of the crowds at Newmarket, Epsom and the Town Moor.

Here they are: Formosa who won in a canter in 1868; the small-boned Hannah (1871), bred at Mentmore and named after a Countess of Rosebery; Apology (1874) who was bred and owned by a Lincolnshire parson and who was the last Yorkshire trained horse to win the Leger; La Fleche (1892), who was bought as a yearling for the then record sum of 5,000 guineas by continental railway builder Baron Hirsch and who was one of the greatest racemares of all time, winner of £34,585; Sceptre (1902) who not only won this great treble but the 2,000 Guineas as well; and Major Eustace Loder's Pretty Polly (1904), ancestress of great racehorses of today and winner of twenty-two races worth £37,297.

We must go back nearly thirty years along the trail of time to the last St. Leger heroine—Lord Astor's Book Law (1927). By a simple train of thought the name of Book Law (bred by the father of the present viscount) brings us today's race. This filly became the mother of Rhodes Scholar who won the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park in 1936. In due course Rhodes Scholar sired the impressive 1948 St. Leger winner, Mr. William Woodward's Black Tarquin, trained by Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort.

Today Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort is due to saddle Meld whose speed, allied to reasonable stamina, may enable her to race by Alycidon's brother Acropolis in the last furlong and so not only repeat stable and St. Leger history but add her name to that exclusive list of fillies who have captured that great treble to which I have referred.



Above: Lady Zia Wernher leads in Meld, favourite at the time of writing, after she had won the Oaks last May

An aerial view of the very symmetrical race-course at Doncaster, showing the grandstand on the left and the main road running alongside





# Roundabout

**Paul Holt**



"He reasoned his chums coming to London would see him on the job"

**T**HE English enjoy making odd patterns of their lives. It is, I think, their one enduring charm.

I know a man named Blackstone who has a highly cheerful disposition, broad shoulders and the true sign of oddity, a splendid small bunch of whiskers on the tip of his nose

During the war he was a bit of a hero. He rescued people and got the George Medal for it. He was a fireman. The blitz made it necessary for him to perform brave deeds.

But, the war done, he became the chief of the fire brigade of Hertfordshire. This meant some fire service and some sitting at civic luncheons.

This can be dull. But he did not allow it to be so. He went to Lancashire, where he superintended the efficiency of the fire services of some cities. At one city, somewhere like Bolton or Bacup, he found the fire chief away and his assistant, a comfortable, middle-aged woman, sitting knitting.

Of course, he had to scold her and she took it very well. Then she smiled again at him. "I hope you're going to like it here," she said politely.

Mr. G. V. Blackstone roared with laughter.

**B**UT there comes a time in the life of every understanding man when he knows that something new must happen to him. Mr. Blackstone has a gay wife and three children; and the children need to be educated. His first idea to earn the money to put them to school was to use his leave time to go to work as a porter at a big London station. The work would not be taxable and the tips, at holiday time or Christmas time, considerable.

The plan, however, fell down for he had prolapsed a disc in his spine, which meant that humping heavy baggage would be dangerous. Also, he reasoned, his chums coming into London would see him on the job and say to themselves, "Look at old George, there. Wonder what he's up to?"

So he decided to go to Denmark. There he lectured with success on the British fire-

fighting system. This was a courtesy visit, but while he was there he fell on a wonderful idea; to write the story of Caroline Matilda, a Princess of Great Britain who became a Queen of Denmark and led an exciting and tragic life.

**C**AROLINE MATILDA was a sister of George III of England who was sent to Denmark to be queen of the mad King Christian. The king humiliated her to the extent of making her ill and it is therefore not surprising that she fell in love with Dr. Struensee, the king's doctor, who cured her.

The result of their affair was terrible, for Struensee was locked in a cell smaller than you would give a monkey, while Caroline Matilda was given an octagonal room, no more than twelve foot square, in Elsinore Castle, which guards the straits between Denmark and Sweden. The fog comes in without ceasing and all you can do is to pace around the walls.

I saw the room this spring and I would be frightened to spend an hour in it, let alone nine months.

Mr. Blackstone was excited about the

beauty of the princess. She had a boyish figure, with a small, lively rump, and he writes in his book, *Caroline Matilda*, now published (Heinemann, 18s.) about her brother, the king's, concern for her. He bothered his mother more about his sister than he bothered Lord North about losing the North American colonies.

I think this book, which is written in the style of *Gone With The Wind*, or *Désirée*, should succeed, for it tells an historical story about two strong characters.

I hope Mr. Blackstone's three children get a strong education.

★ ★ ★

**W**ROTE G. K. Chesterton to Hilaire Belloc, his friend:

"For every tiny town or place  
God made the stars especially;  
Babies look up with owlish face  
And see them tangled in a tree:  
You saw a moon from Sussex  
Downs  
A Sussex moon, untravelled still,  
I saw a moon that was the town's,  
The largest lamp on Campden  
Hill. . . ."

I know Chesterton's moon and see it every night. It is the great, grey tower that tops the stars on Campden Hill, the water tower.

It is now to be a receiving station for commercial television.

In case you might be sorry about losing a moon I should explain that the great, grey pillar, built in 1875, was often mistaken for a water tower but was, in fact, only the casing for a stand-pipe up which water was pumped by a steam engine to give pressure to the mains, and it has not been for the past three years in use. Indeed, the Metropolitan Water Board had decided to demolish it until the television people came long.

Now Chesterton's star will be put to work again, to collect long distance signals for radio transmissions from far away units.

So G.K.C.'s old dream is not dead.



"... the cost being borne by the bridegroom"



No doubt exists in my mind now that the greatest English-speaking actor alive is Sir Laurence Olivier. He has managed to make a triumph of the silliest play Shakespeare ever wrote, *Titus Andronicus*, and now the world is at his feet.

It was not always so.

The lovers of the theatre bluntly complained that he was lazy and content with trivial entertainment. They said he had thrown away the chance of a great career in order to flatter his pretty, kittenish wife Vivien Leigh.

They were wrong. It was the pretty kitten who drove the brilliant man to success.

To meet, Olivier is a casual fellow, smallish and chatty. His ambition is modest. He was surprised when he was knighted and has always found difficulty in "keeping up with the Jones's."

It was his wife who saw the greatness in him, and this summer she has driven him to the top.

A kitten may drive a king.

★ ★ ★

THE Gold Coast Ministry of Local Government announces that it is an offence for the electorate to do any of the following acts during the casting of votes:

Swear Oaths, Use Fetish, Make an Invocation, Cast a Spell, Beat Gong-Gong.

Sounds as though the next election is going to be a dull one.

★ ★ ★

MRS. LILIAN KORZEN was ordered by a Chicago divorce court judge to slim 64 lb. She was then weighing 13 st. 8 lb. and her marriage was on the rocks because her husband complained she was too fat.

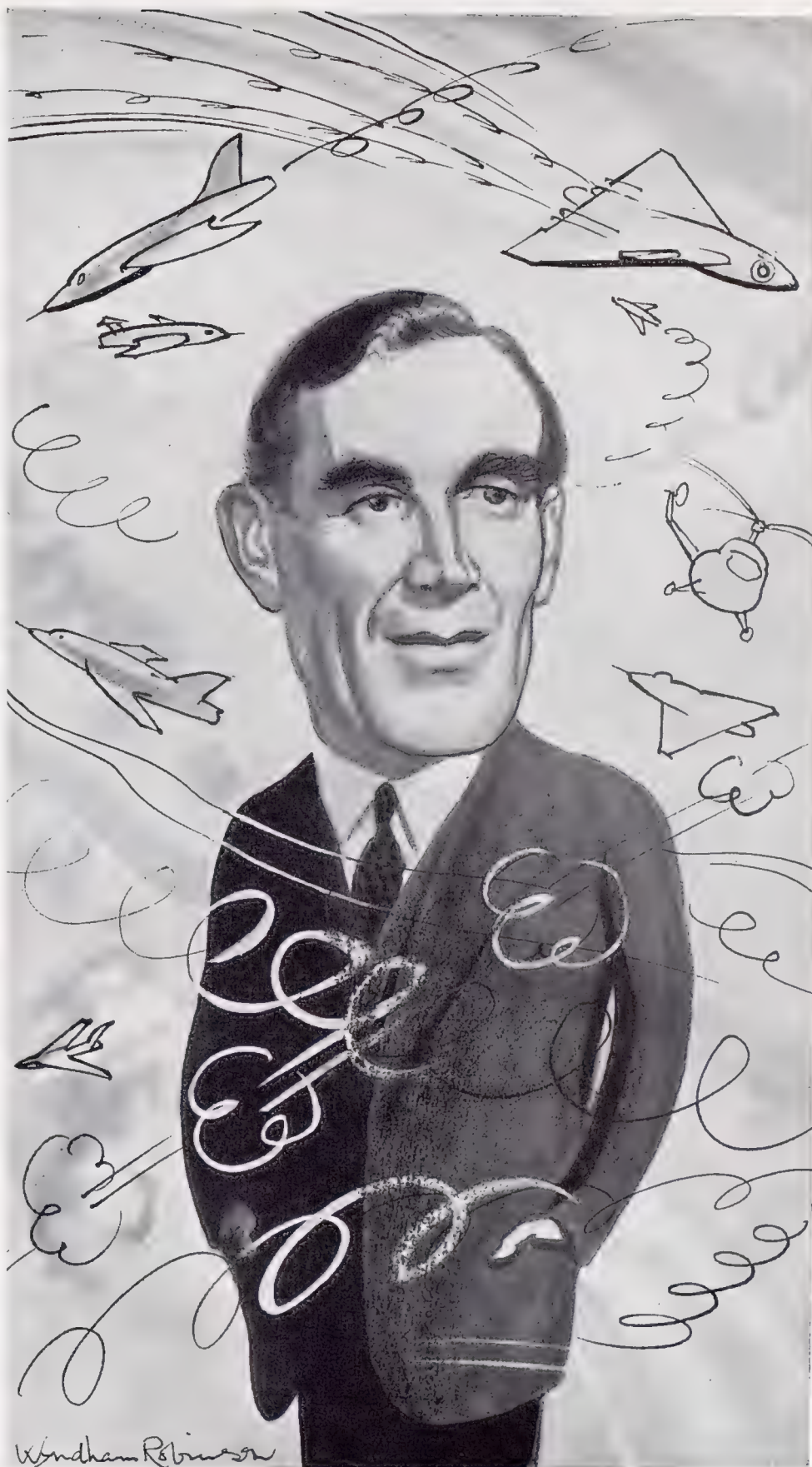
She did it, and continues to lose weight. But she says: "I love my diet now . . . but I hate my husband."

It reminds me of the old song: "Nobody loves a fat girl . . . but oh, how a fat girl can love."

This reminds me of the report of the Committee on Bride Price, which has been investigating marriage customs in eastern Nigeria. It is strongly opposed to many of the practices they found there, but has nothing but praise for one: the traditional fattening of the bride, when the young woman lives in indolence and plenty for perhaps as long as eighteen months, the cost being borne by the bridegroom.

It sounds delightful, but I suspect that the groom puts the girl to work in the kitchen just as soon as he has paid for her.

CHARLES ADDAMS, the famous American cartoonist, creator of the macabre Addams gallery of characters, is to join the brilliant band of contributors to The TATLER. His drawings in this journal will be "world premières." They will have appeared nowhere else previously, either in this country or the U.S., and the first will be printed in our issue of September 14.



MR. JOHN JOSEPH PARKES, A.F.R., Ae.S., is president of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, which is responsible for the Farnborough Air Display, the largest trade show of its type in the world. Last year over 300,000 people saw the show and this year much interest will be taken in the English Electric P.1, the supersonic interceptor fighter, and the Rolls-Royce Conway by-pass turbo-jet, the most powerful officially type-tested engine in the world, designed mainly for airliner use. Mr. Parkes is chairman and managing director of Alvis Ltd., chairman of the Coventry Aeroplane Club and Director of Coventry Civil Aviation Ltd. From 1935-45 he was general manager of de Havilland Aircraft Co., Ltd., and first learnt to fly at the de Havilland school in 1926.





PONIES TACKLE THE ROUGH near Chilham Castle, Kent, where members of the Ashford Vale Hunt Pony Club had their summer camp. Miss V. Shaw and Mrs. Sandra Hall are seen clearing a hedge, watched by other members

## At the Races

### THE TRAINER'S WORST NIGHTMARE

UNDER the British Criminal Code there are three verdicts open to a jury (1) guilty, (2) not guilty and (3) not proven, this last being only applicable to Scotland; and, according to English, Welsh and Northern Irish ideas, not a very satisfactory solution, since it can mean: "We know that you are a murderer (or a thief) but there is not quite sufficient evidence to hang you or to send you to prison and thus deprive your friends and relations of the pleasure of your society."

In Great Britain every accused person is presumed to be innocent until the contrary is proved. Under French law you are guilty until you prove that you are innocent. Under Racing Law, i.e., the Rules of Racing of the Jockey Club, there are only two verdicts, thus following the Criminal Code, and there is a right of appeal in both cases.

THERE is only one slight, but very cogent, difference between the Common Law and the Law of the Turf and it is this, that if the subject of the charge (a horse) is proved to have been doped, out goes the trainer, and sometimes the owner, and the horse is disqualified from ever again running under Jockey Club or National Hunt Rules. This is automatic and quite irrespective of the fact whether the offence has been incontestably proved by evidence such as is understood in our Courts of Law.

There is no jury, just three Stewards. This may

be good rough and ready justice, and in many cases it is so, but is it really watertight? Because A is in charge or control of a horse it does not follow that he is the actual "criminal" who doped it. There are so many other people who may be interested in whether it wins or loses, and I take it that it is scarcely necessary to run over the list of these "possibles."

ALL who have access are suspect: the head lad, the boy who "does" the horse; and also anyone who is rich enough or wicked enough to bribe X, Y or Z to do the trick for him; but the trainer and/or owner pays the penalty.

To me this has never seemed quite strict cricket. No trainer can sleep with every horse in his string,

or prevent some wicked person from getting at him in or outside the stable. Yet the trainer goes out. We have heard, in some more or less recent cases, of how these malefactors do the job with a squirt, for instance, and other appliances. This is not to say that the accused person is not given every opportunity of bringing all the evidence he may think necessary to prove his innocence; but the moment dope is discovered his number is really up.

YORK demonstrated very forcibly that all those who have been ramming Acropolis down our throats since his poor display in the Derby were in error, and those that declined to swallow all that was said to the contrary about "great improvement," "hard luck" and so forth were right. He was beaten fairly and squarely by an unknown named Va Presto (received 14 lb.) in the Voltigeur Stakes who lost it on a Stewards' objection for bumping and boring, just as happened in the Derby of 1913.

The fact that in both these cases public opinion differed from that of the Stewards hardly matters in this more recent case. The hitherto Leger favourite was weighed and found wanting—a fact which did not surprise quite a number of people, for some of us have been pretty well assured that we saw the real Acropolis in the Derby and that that horse was not quite good enough to win a Leger. After this recent defeat we feel more certain about this than ever.

However, you never know at this racing game, and today will show. A horse may run like a seaside donkey one day, and like a real racehorse the next. As a matter of fact we are probably lucky to have any sound horses left, and the diminished fields at so many recent meetings are a clear index of what owners and trainers think about the risks on hard going.

—SABRETACHE





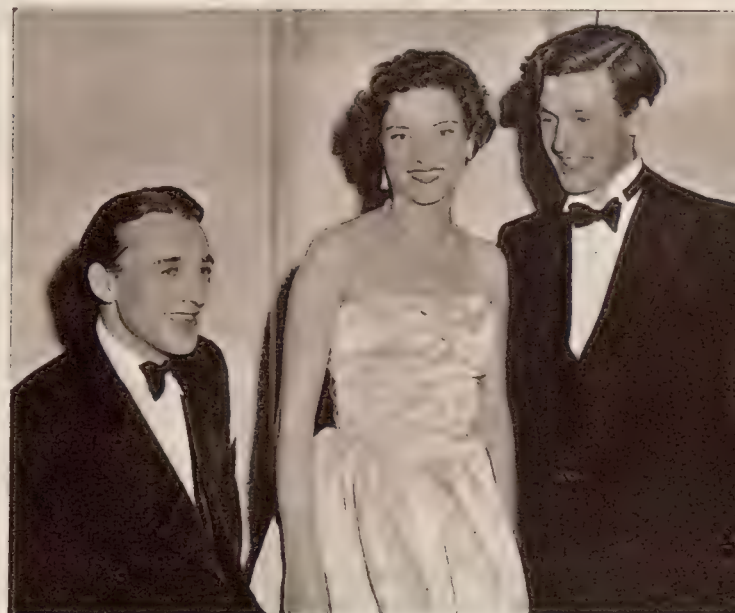


## COOLLATTIN'S "CUBBING" BALL

THE Coollattin Hunt, earliest pack in Ireland to start cubbing, gave a ball to celebrate the forthcoming hunting season at Coollattin House, Sheilleagh. Above: Lt.-Col. Walter M. Royston-Pigott with Countess Fitzwilliam and her daughter, Lady Juliet Fitzwilliam, the three joint-Masters



Sir Arundell Neave, Bt., from Castlebridge, Co. Wexford, with Mrs. B. H. Craig, who hunts with both the Coollattin and Wexford



Mr. A. W. Bertie, Miss Patricia Burness and Mr. Hubert Dunn were among the Countess and Lady Juliet Fitzwilliam's house party



Mr. Robert Healy, who hunts with the Carlow, and Miss Peggy Donnelly, daughter of Mr. Thomas Donnelly, the owner



Mr. Christopher Stokes and Miss Pamela Bunbury were other guests at this good ball

Fennell





*Mrs. Eric Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Locke, Mrs. P. Rusbridger and Mr. and Mrs. T. Parker, the winning team in the coaching marathon for the Rickards Trophy*

## A HORSE SHOW IN AID OF CHARITY

THE Lavant Horse Show held its eighth show at Lavant Park, near Chichester, under the presidency of Mrs. Day. The fine weather ensured a good attendance and a large number of entries for the various classes. The object of the show was to raise funds for St. Mary's Church and village amenities



*Miss Jean Tebbs, Miss Valerie Phillips and Miss Sheila King were jumping for the Bartholomew Challenge Cup*



*Mr. Charles Chapman, the joint organiser of the show, showed some of the cups to Miss Jonquil Denham-Davis and Mrs. John Lock*



*Mrs. J. C. Bartholomew presenting the Bartholomew Challenge Cup donated by her husband to the winning team of three horses from any hunt. Representing the Cowdray Hunt were Miss Diana Ayshe, Miss Eve Bridgeland and Mrs. J. A. Barrett*





Van Hallen



Lady Mary Fitzalan Howard mounted on her pony, Silver Leaf, was here with her sister, Lady Sarah Fitzalan Howard



Above: Mr. John Townsend and Mlle. Albane de Saint-Just watched the judging of the pony classes from the bonnet of their car

Below: Sir Dymoke White's team of bays completing the five-mile course in the marathon by St. Nicholas Church



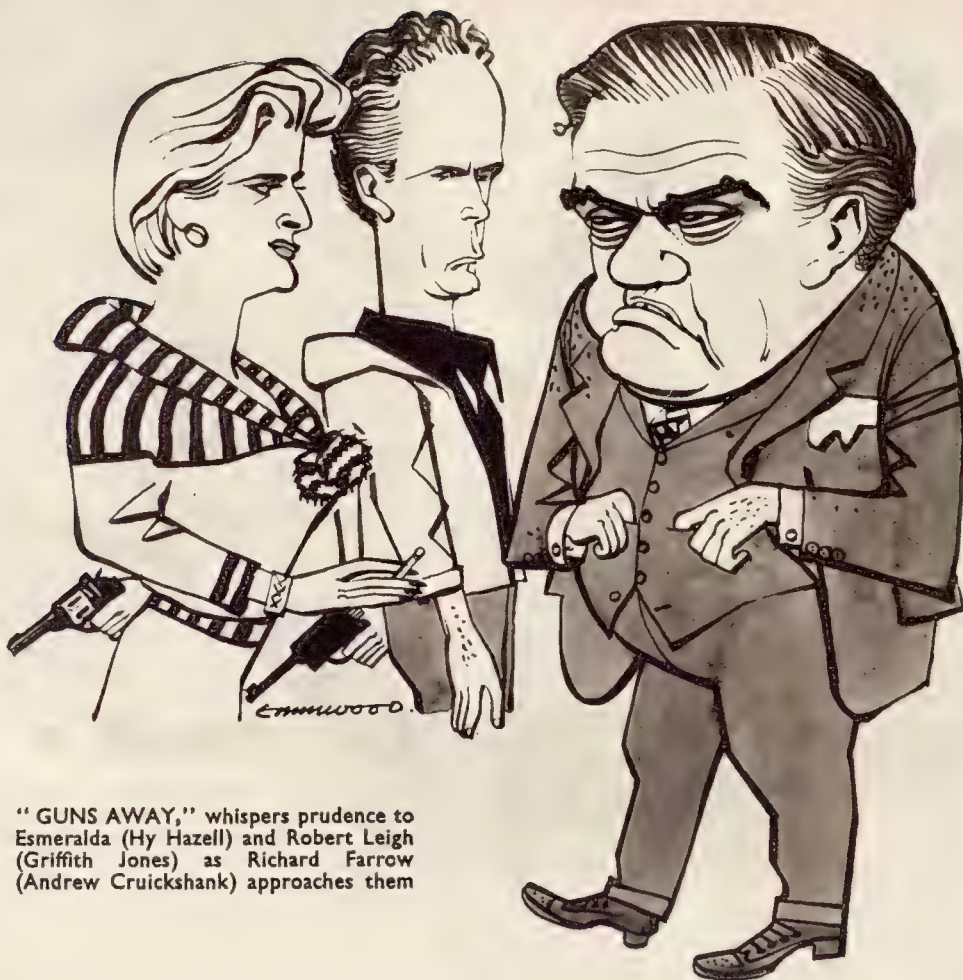


At the Theatre

# HOMICIDAL CHESSMEN

Youngman Carter

Illustrations by Emmwood



"GUNS AWAY," whispers prudence to Esmeralda (Hy Hazell) and Robert Leigh (Griffith Jones) as Richard Farrow (Andrew Cruickshank) approaches them

MISS GLADYS COOPER, by the simple process of allowing her name to be printed on a programme, destroyed a good dramatic effect last year in *A Question of Fact*. All but one of the characters had appeared on the stage and we were expecting the arrival of a murderer's widow: it was, therefore, no great shock when an immaculate lady appeared, as opposed to an inferred slut. In *Waiting for Godot* we knew the tryst was forlorn from the start, for there was no player cast in the title rôle.

Thus, in a minor way, when Miss Jean Lodge creeps in silhouette across a darkened set to murder Miss Hy Hazell, and we are treated to off-stage pistol shots, it is a reasonable deduction that the victim will not be the leading lady who has only made the briefest of appearances so far.

THIS is but one of a number of weaknesses in Jack Popplewell's new thriller *Dead on Nine* at the Westminster.

But the major flaw lies at the very keel of the plot. This is a story of Nemesis and in such a tale, unless it be a tragedy on classic lines, one must be invited to take sides. But whose?

Can we sympathise with Robert Leigh (Griffith Jones), an obviously inexperienced playwright with a fine disregard for grammar, who is plotting to use his mistress-secretary as a cat's-paw in the killing of an unwanted but wealthy wife?

Should we be sorry for the mistress (Jean Lodge) who, having fallen for a blackguard, is quite prepared to add murder to her other follies?

Are we invited to wish the wife (Hy Hazell) good luck? She already has a potential boy friend and is gloating over the unhappiness she finds round her. As the play progresses the cold-blooded smile on the face of this tigress is remarkably unsympathetic.

There remains only Nemesis himself, here played by that eminent authority on pawky

detection, Mr. Andrew Cruickshank. He moves around the scene of the crime, one of those south coast cottages which appear to be 80 ft. long and 18 ft. wide, like a vet who has called to destroy a pet dog and is making small talk in the meantime. If he discovers the truth, then clearly nobody is going to have any fun.

Despite this unpromising collection of puppets Mr. Popplewell does have a tale to tell, and this must be placed on the credit side. His first surprise having been betrayed by the programme, he has devised a succession of twists which make in general for giddiness and, on occasion, for excitement. In this he is aided by the producer, Geoffrey Wardwell, who has plumped for speed as an adjunct to tension.

So in the last act the players and the plot chase each other frantically, and often inaudibly, in a devil's version of musical chairs, in which it is clear there can be no winners.

At the last knocking of fate everybody seems likely to be convicted, each of the wrong crime and for the wrong motives. But alas, the knocking is from a local policeman and since he is not on the programme he, too, is unconvincing.

ALL the artists struggled valiantly with this torrent. Mr. Griffith Jones let a flickering of sunny charm now and then through the clouds of caddishness, Miss Hy Hazell

allowed us to forget her pantomime legs and put out a strong plea to be taken for a cold-blooded torturer, and Mr. Cruickshank stone-walled impeccably on behalf of Scotland Yard.

HERE is a first-class example of invention by intelligent actors eking out poverty of dialogue.

The author's puppets are in fact chessmen and no more, for it is the mechanical quirks of plot which interest him and provide the strongest moments. Yet these players, by superimposing personality on written words, almost succeeded in their persuasive efforts.

With a neat Greek watertight plot, this sort of virtuosity can in many instances transform a monochrome into full colour. But here the author asks too much, first from his actors, and so, inevitably, from his audience.

A pawn certainly should be given a little help, beyond a transoceanic accent, if he is to be an exciting contender for the Queen's admiration—an honoured disability, such as a limp gained in battle, a deep love of the land he is farming, even a stammer to make him human.

Good actors can fill barns, out of such grains of indication.

It must be added that during Act III. Mr. Anthony Snell treated us to an exceedingly funny sketch of an effete nightclub pianist. It was difficult to see what this interlude (which was the best thing of the evening) had to do with the story.

Perhaps it was to draw attention to Mr. Popplewell's considerable accomplishments as a song-writer, to which there was no printed reference.



TOM HAMMOND (Maurice Kaufmann) a richly ambiguous figure





Desmond Tripp

## A NOBLE CONSPIRATOR FEELS CONSCIENCE STIR

AS one of the pillars of the Old Vic—this is his sixth season with it—Paul Rogers is superbly suited as Brutus in its new production of *Julius Caesar* which is due to open in the Waterloo Road to-night, after making a striking impression at the Edinburgh Festival. Amongst his distinctions, Mr. Rogers received the Clarence Derwent Award for the best supporting performance by a British actor in 1952, and since becoming a principal made a great personal success as Shylock in the 1952-53 season. He also played in the hand-picked company who first gave *The Confidential Clerk* in Edinburgh, and afterwards in London





KATHLEEN HARRISON (above) plays Emmie, an old-fashioned housekeeper, in a new film, *Cast a Dark Shadow*. Below, she is in a scene with Robert Flemyng. At bottom is Lita Roza, the singer, who makes her screen debut in the film as a night-club chanteuse



## At the Pictures

### BLUES TURN PINK

IT'S my belief that half the emotional impact of Mr. Terence Rattigan's play, *The Deep Blue Sea*, was due to economy: the entire drama was contained within one simple set—a fairly dreary room in the modified squalor of a Pimlico boarding-house. It was necessary, I suppose, to broaden the field of action for the screen—a CinemaScope screen, at that—but the regrettable fact is that the film has entirely lost the agonizingly claustrophobic atmosphere which, in the play, so effectively persuaded one that any woman shut away in such dismal surroundings, with nothing to do but brood upon the shortcomings of her lover, might well attempt suicide.

That Mr. Rattigan's heroine no longer wins one's complete sympathy is largely his own fault—he wrote the screenplay—but perhaps a little blame attaches, too, to Miss Vivien Leigh, who seems, somehow, too cool and elegant and poised to be the tragic victim of a mad infatuation and an insatiable passion.

HESTER (Miss Leigh), the wife of a wealthy judge (Mr. Emlyn Williams), has left her husband for a feckless, unemployed test pilot—a jolly, insensitive, ex-R.A.F. type (most convincingly played by Mr. Kenneth More) who is quite incapable of fulfilling the emotional demands she makes of him. It is typical of his simple mind that, on learning Hester has tried to kill herself while he was away for a week-end's golf, he should irritably assume that she did so merely because he forgot her birthday. It baffles him: he loves her as much as he could love anyone, but this is obviously not enough. How, he asks himself over copious draughts of whisky, did he ever get into all this?

A series of flashbacks explains: there's a casual meeting at Sunningdale, another at the Farnborough Air Pageant, then the winter sports holiday in Switzerland, during which he became her lover, and finally that scene at his lodgings when he allowed Hester to persuade him she must leave her husband and live with him.

So that was how he got into "all this"—and now the only thing to do is to get out of it, as quickly as possible. He tells Hester he cannot go on with the affair: he is going away. Despite her hysterical weeping and pleading, he rushes from the house. She rushes out, too, and frantically seeks him in all the night-clubs of Soho—a very strange Soho indeed, seething with glamour and ornate, obsequious doormen.

Exhausted, she returns to their boarding-house—to the sleeping pills and the hissing, unlit gas-fire. Her second suicide attempt is interrupted by Miller (Mr. Eric Portman), the man who was called in to save her from the consequences of the first one: he is a doctor who has been struck off the Medical

Register, though obviously not for lack of intelligence, skill or understanding. With a few curt, incisive sentences, he convinces Hester that there is a braver way out. She steels herself to take it.

Mr. Anatole Litvak has directed the film beautifully and no doubt both he and Miss Leigh will be gratified to know that at the Press showing women all around me had, at the end, rivers of tears and mascara cascading down their cheeks. My own eyes remained dry, my maquillage unimpaired. It is an excellent film in its way—but for me, the play is still the thing.

THOUGH cluttered with unlikely characters and stock situations, and hampered by a limping script and indifferent dialogue, *The Woman for Joe* has a certain naïve pathos. It tells of a fairground midget (Mr. Jimmy Karoubi) who falls in love with a normal girl (Miss Diane Cilento) and dies, less from a broken back than from a broken heart, when she falls in love with the boss of the fair (Mr. George Baker). Mr. Karoubi is a very small man, only 4 ft. and 3 ins. tall in fact, but his minute frame houses an immense and endearing personality.

In *Love Me Or Leave Me*, Miss Doris Day plays Ruth Etting, the torch singer of the 'twenties, and Mr. James Cagney plays Marty Snyder, the belligerent, crippled,

Chicago racketeer who, one gathers, fought like a fury, no holds barred, to make her a star. Neither character, as here presented, is in the least bit sympathetic—but if Miss Etting and Mr. Snyder, who are both still alive, don't mind that, there's no reason why I should cavil.

Mr. Cagney's portrait of an arrogant, illiterate hoodlum is brilliantly drawn and Miss Day successfully submerges her naturally sunny disposition and gives us a persuasive study of a ruthlessly ambitious woman, singing her way to fame and snarling her way through an unwanted marriage.

"FRENCH CAN-CAN" is a gloriously gay film, rich in colour and character, and directed by that French wizard, M. Jean Renoir, whose genius for pictorial composition and perfect sense of period have never been displayed to greater advantage.

M. Jean Gabin is superbly smooth and witty as Danglard, the showman of the 1880's, who built the Moulin Rouge and sent all Paris wild with delight over the can-can. Mlle. Françoise Arnoul charms as the little *blanchisseuse* he trains as a dancer, and Mlle. Maria Felix has all the beauty, grace and ferocity of a black panther, as a voluptuous and temperamental courtesan of the time.

—Elsbeth Grant



Kenneth More, Vivien Leigh and Emlyn Williams in *The Deep Blue Sea*





AS THE ROUNDABOUT, ablaze with a pattern of lights, gains speed, the fair's singing "barker" (Diane Cilento) jumps off to give good news to the proprietor. A scene from *The Woman for Joe*, a story on one of the most difficult of cinematic themes, a midget's romance, in which the director, George More O'Ferrall, makes superb use of the many-coloured backgrounds

## Television

### A FAMILY REUNION



THEATRE excerpts are not usually my favourite items—or, I think, anybody's—in an evening's television. Monday's from the Duchess, however, promises to be a lively family reunion, repayment with interest rather than a borrowing or a boost. Stars, author and producer recently combined to make "You Know What People Are" one of TV's liveliest experiments in entertainment.

Clive Morton and his wife, Frances Rowe, who played the elder characters in those Priestley sketches, first met in a TV rustic comedy which always seemed to me ill-suited to Miss Rowe's smart style. She is a witty, highly-polished actress who seldom gets the stage parts which she rates. If TV and Mr. Priestley have now combined to do so in *Mr. Kettle and Mrs. Moon*, it will be no more than the wedding-present two good players deserve. Nor need producer Tony Richardson be overawed. For the stage of the Duchess looks scarcely larger than a TV screen.

THE occasion could also be regarded as only another step in the lifelong romance between Mr. Priestley and the B.B.C. On Sunday week he has a musical evening and three days later is "At Home."

This Priestley prospect almost consoles me for a sad disappointment. Hieroglyphics in the diary where I note TV events to come offered a marvellous team: Gingold and Ustinov. Alas, this rather macabre mixture proved sheerest fantasy. But I find myself quite well prepared to come down to earth with Mr. Priestley and his stars.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

## The Gramophone

### SNAPPED NEEDLE

I REMEMBER, as I am sure many of you do, the records of Douglas Byng, Ross and Sargent, The Three New Yorkers, Walsh and Barker, and even that "come up an' see me sometime" character Mae West. I remember them with pride and amusement, because they gave point to the material set down, and there was never any doubt about their ability to do so.

But to-day the point has practically gone right out of anything that can be classed as a "point number" on gramophone records.

I PICKED up a recording by the Four Esquires—partly, I may add, because it has an Archie Bleyer accompaniment; these young men sing a song entitled "The Sphinx Won't Tell," and back it with "Three Things A Man Must Do." That the Sphinx doesn't tell much is just one of those things, and what "A Man Must Do" is another, which is a pity, because Archie Bleyer is quite something! (London HL. 8152.)

Teresa Brewer flirts with death in "How To Be Very Popular," and indeed it may not be her fault that the lyrics are very nearly pointless. She backs it with "The Banjo's Back In Town." (Vogue Q. 72098.)

And then, wisely, I turned to Bing, second name Crosby, who can't put a note wrong. He sings "All She'd Say Was Uhm Hum," and "She Is The Sunshine Of Virginia," and makes of both rare delight. It's a pity that Miss Brewer and the Four Esquires aren't better served with their material, though they've a long way to go yet to achieve that Crosby *je ne sais quoi*! (Brunswick 05451.)

—Robert Tredinnick





THE OLD V. NEW WORLD SERIES saw the six metres tightly engaged off Bembridge. Noresca (Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, sailed by Sir Charles Taylor, M.P.) and Ondine (United States, sailed by Mr. Eric Ridder) are here rounding a mark



Above: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Garnham, Sir William Acland and Air Vice-Marshal Sir Douglas Harries aboard the committee boat Arminel

Below: Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith, M.P., Mrs. Peter Stewart, Sir Alfred Bossom, M.P., Lt.-Cdr. Peter Stewart, R.N., and Mr. George Odey



## INTERNATIONAL RACING

FOR several days there was great activity by sailing craft in various parts of the Solent in the bright sunshine of the memorable 1955 summer. The yachts made a delightful picture on the waters, but the winds were fluky and fickle and often exasperatingly absent. All the same, it was very pleasant for all concerned, and the brigadier in one of the committee boats was enjoying himself when, as the light easterly faltered once more, he said: "It is almost like Bombay—in the winter..." and rich reminiscences followed.

Two of the Olympic classes were holding preliminary trial races for Melbourne, the biggest-size boats, the International 5.5 metres, near the East Bramble, where an Olympic course was sailed with Kaylena (Major R. N. Macdonald-Buchanan) as the committee vessel.

EIGHT 5.5 metres raced for three days with varying success. Highest marks were gained by the new Arthur Robb-designed Vision, sailed by the owner, Lt.-Col. R. S. G. Perry, D.S.O., who was seventh in the last Olympic games. He was crewed by the same two as at Helsinki, Major Desmond Dillon, R.M.,



Sir Geoffrey Lowles, chairman of the Olympic Committee, Royal Yachting Association, with Mr. Roger de Quincey, who organised the trials



THE FINN-CLASS DINGHY TRIALS. Mrs. Vernon Stratton made most efficient husbands were sailing. There were three or four



## IN THE SOLENT

and Mr. Neil Cochran-Patrick. Next best was Hank (F. G. Mitchell and Bruce Banks), sailed by Mr. Banks.

Smallest of the Olympic classes, the single-hander Finn Class, were given their trials in various locations, mostly in Osborne Bay. They went on racing for five days. Principal winners were Jack Knights, R. W. Murray, Vernon Stratton, Richard Creagh-Osborne, Michael Pruett and David Mitchell.

FARTHER east, the Old World met the New World in a gigantic battle fought in six metres, when four American boats, Ondine, Llanoria, Maybe VII. and Goose, had a series of races against four of the five European yachts entered: Marletta from Belgium, Hanko III. from Norway and Noresca, Royal Thames, and Marylette from Great Britain. The contest was for the challenge cup presented by Sir Alfred Bossom, Bt., M.P., Admiral of the House of Commons Yacht Club, who sponsored the races. The lovely old ketch Arminel, owned by former Commodore Mr. George Odey, was the committee vessel, and H.M.S. Vigo (Lt.-Cdr. Peter Stewart, R.N.) attended as guardship.

—GABOR DENES



Mr. David Mitchell was assisted by Mrs. Mitchell in getting his Finn-class dinghy ready for the Olympic trials given for the class



Richard Creagh-Osborne, Mrs. Bruce Banks and other officers on the committee boat while their races each day among the seventeen competitors



OLYMPIC TRIALS FOR THE 5.5 METRES. Above, the most successful yacht in this class was Vision, sailed by her owner, Lt.-Col. R. S. G. Perry. Below: Lt.-Col. Charles Wainman, D.S.O., Major D. R. Peel, M.C., and Mrs. Robert Garnham on one of the duty launches





Standing By . . . .

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

## GLOVE, VELVET, MK. I

MILITARY discipline, carols a gossip, is far more humane now than it was a generation ago, and recalling the not-so-far-off days of Field-Punishment No. 1 we fancy the boy may be right. Any soldier resenting being waked too early nowadays has only to write to Mrs. Busy, M.P., to set all Democracy aflame.

Flogging—often to death—in the Army, a chap was telling us, was introduced by the Whigs after the Glorious Revolution (1688) and finally abolished, despite the nervous doubts of Queen Victoria, by the Army Act of 1881; and you may recall that in the early 1800's the great Cobbett was fined £1,000, with two years in the jug, for roaring against the savage official flogging of British soldiers by a squad of the German mercenaries employed by the House of Hanover. The white jabbing-sticks used by a line of NCO's at Fontenoy and elsewhere to prod front-line troops into the attack vanished long ago, of course, or we'd be having some piercing cries from La Busy, whose present mission, we gather, is to enforce courtesy on the Top Brass. Her ideal, incidentally, is expressed in a fine old ballad called *The Ten-Thirty Train*, in which a soldier comforting an unknown woman in tears on Waterloo Station is publicly thanked by a passing general.

Then taking the hand of that soldier lad,  
Raising his helmet he said :

(Refrain)

"Always be kind to a woman,  
Always be good to your wife,  
Don't forget your mother—  
She that gave you life" (etc.).

It may be in Q.R. next year.

Spot

FOLKESTONE being at last officially recognised (*vide* Press) as the British Nice—and we give full marks to that sweet-heart of the visiting French delegation who pretended so charmingly to be excited over a pin-table—it seems time Biarritz was recognised in return as the French Aberystwyth.

Recalling a chat about Aberystwyth we had with a type in the Bar Basque at Biarritz not long ago. Though his eyes glistened at our tale of gay Manchester business-boys flirting by moonlight with

Druids' molls, he was evidently in the pocket of the *Syndicat d'Initiative*, his cry being that the Empress Eugénie would not have bought a villa in Aberystwyth. We floored him with the passage from Morny's memoirs where Napoleon III remarks sombrely to a group of intimates that the Empress has again been dreaming all night about Aberystwyth. He fears it's her mystical Spanish blood, plus the Great Western Railway's publicity. For the régime's sake Eugénie, as we know, ultimately chose Biarritz, where she could come to no great harm; but the vision lingered, notes Morny.

Reine des doux secrets et des fêtes de cœur,  
Aberystwyth ! Ville d'amour et de langueur . . .

Finally this Biarritz type accused us of being on the payroll of the Cardiganshire Casino Combine; which is absurd, since our literary integrity forbids. At the fee suggested by them so far, anyway.

Scribble

BEFORE an express was derailed near Rugby a little time ago the guard was "too busy writing up his journals" to notice the speed, it was stated at the Min. of Transport inquiry. So would Pepys or Pascal have been. Much more so Marie Bashkirtseff, a diarist known to her many admirers as *The Little Ball of Fire*, or *Our Unbosom Friend*.

What admittedly introvert railway guards confide to their journals, a tall girl was telling us, is often (cf. Pepys, again) strictly private, though a few selected *pensées* may occasionally be read aloud to a circle of intimates. E.g. :

*Tuesday* : Lots of passengers. What faces !

Why do these dopes keep travelling ? No homes ? Or perhaps homes too terrible to sit in ? (Ask Agnes.)

New whistle to-day—poignant, soul-stirring note.

*Friday* : Exquisite woman smiled. Hair like ripe corn, lips like scarlet wound. Fifty 50wt. sacks chemical manure loaded at Burpington. Is this our much-vaunted Progress ?

Love is like a butterfly, sipping sweets from every flower.

*Sunday* : To travel hopefully better than to arrive—passing thought. Agnes says why not publish it. I wonder !



"Basement, please"

The reason for non-publication being, of course, a fine natural decency causing railway guards, unlike booksy girls, to shrink from baring their souls to a gawping public. Hence any guards lured into joining the P.E.N. Club are doubly lonely and suspect, cut by their fellows and huddling in one corner of the Club when a brawl breaks out. No offence.

Goodbye

CLUBLAND being obviously doomed (a sombre chap remarks) because the young can't afford it, one feels the theme of the *Last Survivor* is not without a macabre kind of beauty.

He'd be brooding in the empty smoking-room, having just heard the only other survivor of the Old Guard fall lifeless down the staircase, and his first thought would naturally be that what remained of the cellar was now all his. Finishing the last halfdozen of Richebourg '49, he'd run through the Candidates' Books of the last fifty years and marvel again at the types they'd been letting in since 1914. He'd then write a few dignified letters to women, wash, brush up, weigh himself, scribble a final entry in the Complaints Book, smoke the last of the Havanas, digest the ultimate dose of *P—ch*, glance through the window at the last passing ankle, blow the dust off a few combustible volumes from the Library, light a neat pyre with these in the Dining Room, and perish gloriously with the Club, crying "*Qualis artifex !*" And as the first marble columns were crashing a very ghastly horrible old member supposed to have been dead since 1925 and overlooked by all would hobble in and snarl "Nice day!", thus crabbing the whole climax.

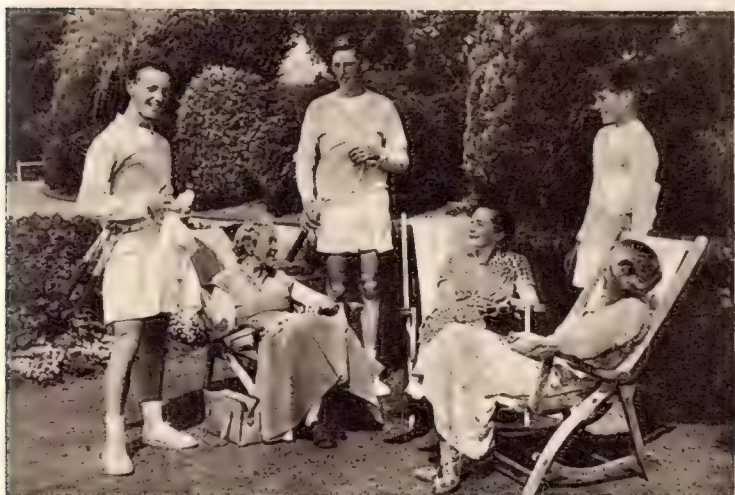
Poe could have written it, but he'd have missed the pathos.







*Miss Ann Wilbraham, Mr. John Minshall, Mr. Peter Beale and Miss Susan Read, who were all playing in the tournament, chatting on the steps of the clubhouse*



*Mr. M. Wolfe, Mrs. A. Clayton, Mr. C. Harvey, Mrs. U. Tracey, Mr. John King and Miss K. Humble*



*Mr. and Mrs. Peter Blake with their son Mr. Richard Blake and Mr. John Ross were watching a match*

## TRI-COUNTY JUNIOR TENNIS AT BOURNEMOUTH

YOUNG tennis players of Somerset, Dorset and Hampshire played in an inter-county tournament on the beautiful West Hants L.T.C.'s ground at Bournemouth. Two days of most friendly games in perfect tennis-playing weather saw Somerset go down, though not ingloriously, to each of the other two counties



*The Hampshire team consisted of Mr. Tony Partridge, Mr. Ian Wood, Mr. Peter Beale, Mr. John Minshall, Mr. John Rogers and Mr. Colin Wise*



*Somerset's representatives were Mr. John King, Mr. Christopher Harvey, Mr. Michael Wolfe, Mr. Richard Blake, Mr. John Ross and Mr. Paul Tracey*

V. Yorke



## Priscilla of Paris

## PRAWNS' LUCKY DAY



F. J. Goodman

MME. G. BOULOUMIE, who won the M.B.E. for her work for the British during the war, is an outstanding personality of Vittel, in the Vosges. She is the president of the great Vittel Company, which recently celebrated its centenary



Brodrick Haldane

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF PISTOIA, formerly Princess Lydia D'Arenberg, divides the year between Italy and her house in the Avenue des Acacias at Ouchy-Lausanne, where this picture was taken. Her husband is H.R.H. Prince Philibert of Savoy

FROM THE ISLAND: Peace, perfect peace! The incredible weather endures and so does our incredible power of enjoying it.

The rougher element of the *congés payés* is gone. We were glad to see how greatly they all seemed to enjoy themselves and how considerate they were in leaving fewer oyster-shells and less greasy paper than of yore in the woods but, of course, we do prefer to hear the murmur of the sea at night, the inland chirp of the cicadas and even the croaking of the frogs, rather than the somewhat raucous singing of the *Internationale*, the whine of mouth-organs and ineptly managed car radios.

MORE and more gala-weary gadabouts who had loaned—"lending" sounds better than "letting"—their island homes to friends during August are back in order to rest from their gaieties. At first they seem to find it difficult to keep our early hours and get to bed before midnight, but after a few days they begin to nod even before the second round of pre-dinner cocktails.

The bridge players hold out longest, but the first yawn was seen, and heard, at 11.30 p.m. at the David Strohl's, three days after the yawner's return from the Ters-Samazeuilh tournament at Bordeaux.

It is true that she had been dragged out early that morning to join a prawning party. Such a pleasant party. Marcel Cambier arrived on his yacht, the *Astynax*, and took us over to another island where the prawns are said to congregate in vast numbers. Not a prawn was caught (we had forgotten to take the nets), but a good time was had by all. The *Astynax's* refrigerator worked splendidly, the lunch and the drinks were perfect, and on that island also the pine woods slope down to the shore. The yawner really had no business to be almost snoring again by 11.30!

A REALLY late night was when the circus came to the island. The real thing. An honest-to-goodness, one-ring circus, smelling robustly of manure and rather overworked sawdust. For days in advance, grand, full-colour posters announced its advent. "*Prin frères, présentent le STOP CIRCUS!!*" In reality there were not quite so many Polar bears or tusked ephalunts as the posters suggested, but perhaps the artist was not good at arithmetic; possibly he had downed a few over the eight or, maybe, he was simply an optimist and hoped that the spectators would be too thrilled to be able to count.

All the *beau monde* of the island was present, from the Mayor, who is also the best butcher, to the Registrar, who lets villas and bathing huts to the visitors. They were, of course, parked in the best

boxes, that were richly draped with gold fringe and somewhat scarred red velvet. The summer dwellers of the island occupied ringside seats—kitchen chairs disguised with antimacassars of the same red velvet—where one gets all the thrills of the evening, if only in dodging the divots of mud and sawdust thrown up by the horses' hooves.

THE *jeunesse dorée* present included the baronne de Navacelles, who had arrived from Monte Carlo that morning. Wearing the usual striped jersey, red slacks and inevitable neckerchief, she looked as charming as when—all decoratively diamonds-and-Diorish—she was snapped recently by the photographer of a French weekly. During the interval I asked her whether the "polio" gala, at which the picture was taken, had been really such a wonderful success. The answer was "yes." Gina Lollobrigida's voice is

lovely, Martine Carol's sisterly care of her Italian co-star was so sincere as to be touching, and both the ladies' husbands were "the-best-of-good-fellows."

This tallies with what I had been told by Toto Barrère, one of the nicest of playboys, who also was there. "But they will dance with their husbands," he added glumly!

Two friends that I greatly admire also patronised M.M. *Prin frères* that evening. Mme. Paulette Denet, wife

of the eminent surgeon Jean-Claude Denet, and Mme. Juliette Clarens, the writer, whose all too brief career on the Paris stage has not been forgotten although it occurred some years ago. I know few women who bear the passing of the years so gracefully.

WATCHING them in the harsh white ray of an ill-directed spotlight I marvelled at the youthful freshness of their appearance imparted by their discreet make-up.

Both have short, white hair worn in soft curls. Juliette's heart-shaped face—she looks rather like a determined kitten—showed a sprinkle of attractive freckles under a light dusting of powder, and since I did not notice the colour of her lipstick it must have been just right. The perfect oval of Paulette's face is a little more sophisticated, but in her blue eyes there lurks the merriest twinkle. She also can kiss her small grandchildren without daubing their cheeks with rouge.

What must be, perhaps, most satisfactory of all to both these charming Parisiennes is that they have kept the slim, girlish figures of their early thirties.

## Lapsus Calami

● From "Advice to Young Mothers" in a periodical: "Babies must be washed in tepid water. Pat them dry, do not rub them or wring them out."







*Mr. John Williams and Miss Brionie Williams who were on a yachting holiday came to the gala with their parents*

## MONTE CARLO GALA NIGHT

**A**T a recent gala night at the Sporting Club, many British visitors were dining and dancing during a season which has been exceptionally gay on the French Riviera. On the right, the Monte Carlo dancing stars were enthusiastically applauded during cabaret time



*Below : Senor Juan Pedro Gamero-Civico from Seville was dining with Miss Janet Illingworth, who came out last year*

*Below : Mr. William Ropner sat opposite Miss Penny Knowles, a debutante this year, at the gala dinner*



*Mrs. John Knowles with Mr. Nicholas Mountain, son of Sir Brian and Lady Mountain, who was in Monte Carlo with his parents*

*Mr. Bernard Walsh, Mrs. and Mr. Philip Allen and Miss Sonja Roberts had a table on the terrace overlooking the Mediterranean*





INGA EHRSTRÖM is the author of *Doctor's Wife in Greenland* (Allen and Unwin; 15s.), a remarkable and colourful account of a year's stay, for research purposes, in one of the few relatively unknown land masses still remaining

## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

# AN AFRICAN BOYHOOD

IN THE DARK CHILD (Collins; 12s. 6d.) the author, Camara Laye, recaptures memories of boyhood. This may not sound unique—as has been remarked, writing to-day draws more and more on nostalgia. But this book by a young Negro from French Guinea has qualities which set it apart. The style is of a poetic, brilliant limpidity, the life pictured is mainly to us unknown.

William Plomer, who contributes an Introduction, localises the scene:—"Where the Niger flows northward and eastward to Timbuktu, away from the Atlantic into which its waters will pour at last, live the Malinke. They live behind and beyond Sierra Leone and Liberia, a still mainly agrarian people whose culture has evidently harmonised Islamic and ancient African tradition."

CAMARA LAYE grew up among worthy people, circumspect, dignified and simple.

He was one of several children; his father was a blacksmith, who worked also in gold; the family lived in a group of huts, in which order reigned. Nothing disturbed the tribal tradition; what had been good enough for the forefathers remained sufficient. Above all, magic was without question accepted as part of daily existence—both the father and mother had magic powers, which they from time to time put to benevolent use.

Little boy Camara was no angel; he teased snakes, pulled little girls' hair at

school. French was the language of his education, and the one in which *The Dark Child* came to be written (the book has been sensitively transposed into English by James Kirkup; indeed, this translation itself is a work of art).

Artist of memory, above all, is this author—young enough (he was born in 1924) to remember clearly, unsentimentally, but old enough to be able to evaluate the past as the untarnishable treasure that it remains. The Malinke childhood and its setting are no doubt lit up for him by contrast with the less lyrical surroundings in which he wrote—a Paris industrial suburb, where he works in a factory. But he, too, has the selectivity of a born writer: scene after scene enthralls us by its momentousness and its freshness—above all, this is the child's-eye view.

HIS awed acquaintanceship with the small black snake which was (his mother told him) his father's familiar; the rice-harvesting on his grandmother's farm; his talks with his young uncle; his father's ritual preparation for working in gold, and the fascinated trembling of the woman customer watching the trinket spun; the apprehension surrounding the dread rites of initiation into manhood—all these are unforgettable.

*The Dark Child* has in it something not to be missed. Like a phial, this volume contains the essence of childhood, with which mingle, as the story goes on, the acute first sensations of adolescence. Here is the brightness of a lost Paradise; but,

with it, something sturdy and sterling. Small boys are much alike, all over the world.

★ ★ ★

THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.) is the second novel of Kingsley Amis—his first was the notable *Lucky Jim*. Our hero, this time, is one John Lewis, teller of his own story, of which he stays irremovably in the centre. Not for quite a time, incidentally, has one come across egotism in fuller force. This Lewis works in the public library of an up-and-coming Welsh seaside town, Aberdarcy, and himself is, very properly, Welsh. He is twenty-six, married, with two infant children. To him enter, one workaday afternoon, dynamic, youngish Mrs. Elizabeth Gruffydd-Williams, wife of an influential city councillor, in search of a book on the history of costume. Eyes meet: there are vigorous radiations. As we are to see, the lady's disturbing effect on John is heightened by the fact that he disapproves of her.

Stalwart Welsh-coloured Left Wing views cause the young man to denounce, at least in principle, what he calls the Anglicised upper classes. The Gruffydd-Williams circle, did he but know it, are no worse than staggeringly common—a small town's middle-class upper crust at its noisiest. Elizabeth, an engaging, fine, dashing creature, makes the best she can of a pretty awful *entourage* (pictured with brilliant malice by Mr. Amis). She has temperament: this is to be a case of *Venus toute entière à sa proie attachée*. In John she has scented, rightly, a temperament equal to her own. As so often, nature belies high principles.

ONWARD from the evening at the Gruffydd-Williams party he is (for the time being) done for. He puts up quite a fight, is indeed recalcitrant. But over-intensive domesticity in a cramped flat—truly and much as he cares for his wife Jean—has, more than he knows, been getting our hero down. The mistake, of course, was, he'd married far too young. Gruffydd-Williams trouble ensues, and can one wonder?

(Continued on page 434)

## SILENCE



INCIDENT IN A LIBRARY is one of the illustrations from *Starke Staring* (Stellar Press; 5s.), another collection of cartoonist Leslie Starke's choicest jeux de crayon



Two directors of this most successful Gathering were Dr. H. H. Graham seen here with Major H. B. Lindsay



Pipe Major D. Pritchard, Miss Lena Westwater and Mr. Euan Macdiarmid were judges of the dancing events



## HIGHLAND GATHERING AT CRIEFF, AYRSHIRE

RECORD numbers of people from many parts of Scotland attended the Highland Gathering at Market Park, Crieff, of which Colonel B. A. Innes, from Tulchan, Glenalmond, was elected this year's chieftain. Above: lady competitors are seen taking part in the dancing contest



Col. B. A. Innes was congratulating Miss Kristy Cameron, who was a prizewinner in the reels competition



Judy with her mother, Mrs. B. Trafford, and her grandmother, Mrs. G. Trafford. All come from Surrey



Miss Kathleen Peller from Sussex, Mrs. J. Milner from N.Z. and Miss Angela Neale from Heris



## An autumn ensemble of high fashion line

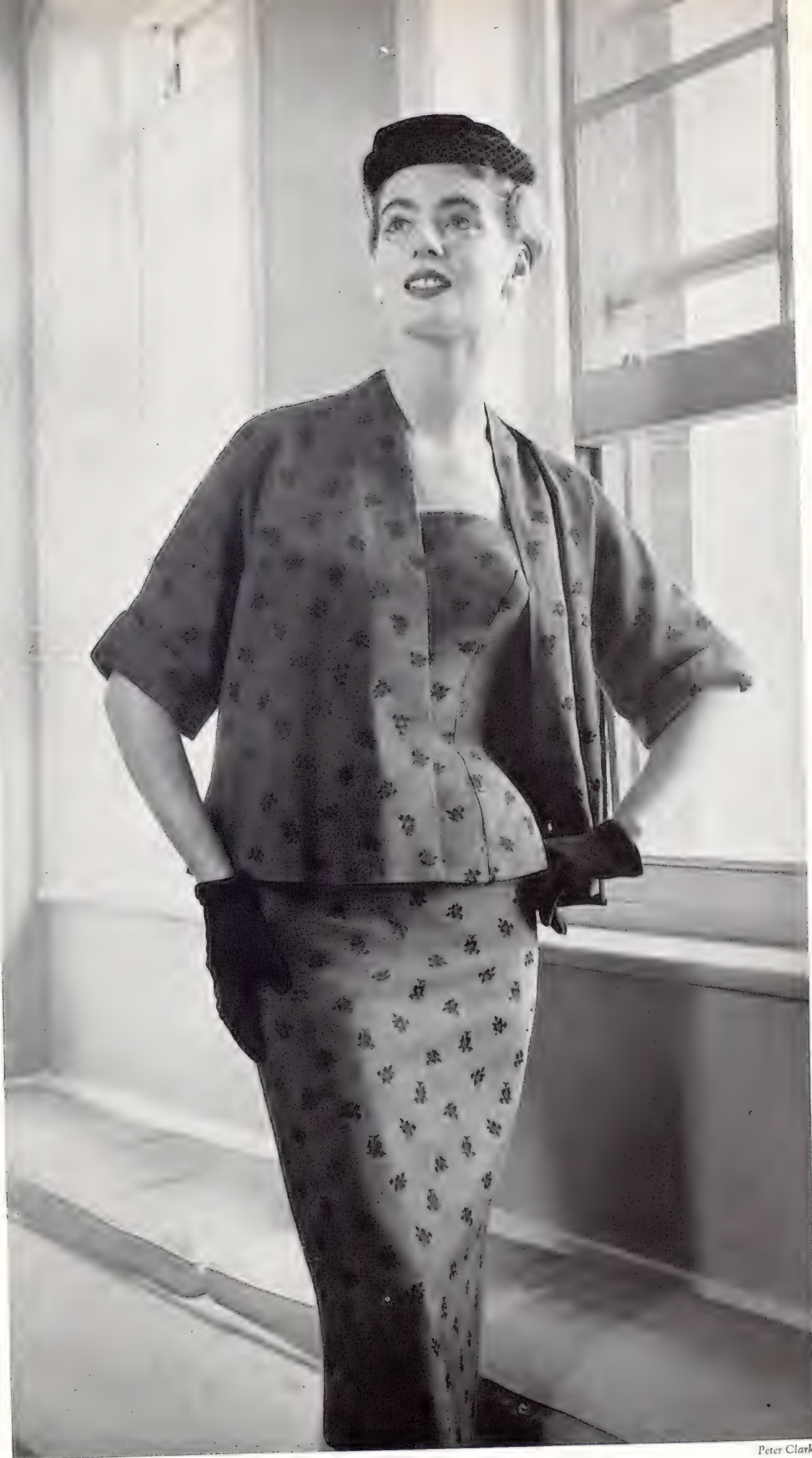
HERE is one of the best buys we have seen recently—a tunic line ensemble that you could wear from lunch time till midnight. Frederick Starke make it in a royal blue acrilon and rayon material, patterned with black. The very full jacket is cut so that it covers the line of the close-fitting top; the skirt is a narrow sheath made separate from the tunic so that it may be worn with another blouse. This ensemble costs 26 gns. and comes from Fortnum and Mason, who also supplied the hat and jewellery



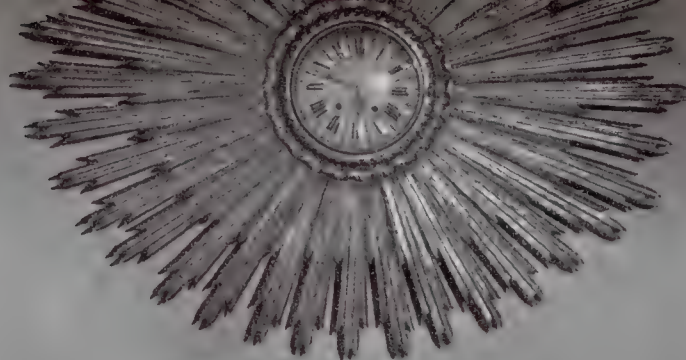


## CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

On the opposite page is a close-up of the saucer-shaped black velvet hat with its veil and beak-shaped trimming in the front, and the tunic and skirt without the coat. Narrow and elegant this is the new season's line at its best. Necklace and ear-rings in coral pink and gilt are designed by Christian Dior, cost £21 & £4







N. Molinore

JUST as certain artists are referred to as "painters' painters," meaning that it is their brilliant handling of the technique of their trade that makes them appeal particularly to fellow artists, this season we would call the Paris Collections "dress-makers'" rather than "customers'" shows. It is not till the evening dresses appear towards the end, with all the glamour and glitter of the fairy on top of the Christmas tree, that *l'assistance* gets really worked up. Applause rings out and the model girls, feeling beautiful at last, preen their feathers and start to enjoy life

IN PARIS EVENING FASHIONS CAPTURE



*Right: Lanvin-Castillo's pale yellow dinner dress of stiff satin worked with bands of dark red velvet appliqué round the hem and sleeves. The little three-cornered shawl is made of the same velvet*



*Left: Balenciaga's fairy-tale ball gown of white satin and tulle embroidered with silver and crystal, has a close-fitting bodice and a skirt that billows out into a flounce of yard upon yard of pleated tulle from knee to hem*

*Right, below: Photographed at the Plaza-Athénée, Dior's bell-shaped, long-sleeved dinner gown of black velvet with a wide gros-grain band shows the flattened bust line and long corseted torso he still presents this season*







Continuing

## The French designers reveal trends of "la mode d'hiver"

THE fundamental line in Paris this autumn is the tunic, or chemise-line. On this basic, straight-up-and-down silhouette the couturiers play a thousand variations. Everywhere bosoms are flattened, necklines are very high, and dresses, suits, topcoats are all long and very narrow. Colours also are sober, not to say funereal, until party times begin. The hats are real *Hats*—heavy helmets, mill-stones or turbans—just the sort of thing, we're afraid, to earn some real good laughs round the family album in say 1970!



*Above, one of Givenchy's straight little chemise dresses. Made of fine black wool, it has a bloused back trimmed with bows of the same material. Notice the strange hat with a free "brim" in white tulle*

*Left: Dior's Y line at its most perfect. This dress made of fine black wool consists of a caftan-like tunic worn over a narrow skirt. Cutting genius produces straight lines that are also form moulding. Hat is made of long-haired melusine*

*Right: A beige wool tunic and skirt from Balenciaga worn under a three-quarter length coat of oatmeal tweed flecked with black. The rigidly plain little black velvet hat is worn squarely on the forehead*







*Above: Balmain makes this rough dark grey tweed two piece which shows the typical draping over the hips and the short jacket beloved by this house. The high grey hat and big leopard-skin muff complete the picture*

*Left: Another straight up and down dress by Givenchy—this time a golden brown satin with a loose-fitting jacket of the same material. The wide-brimmed hat is of black velvet edged with mink*

*Right: Lanvin Castillo's three-piece is made of rough black wool. The cloak-like coat is an example of the Spanish influence so noticeable at this house. The long-jacketed suit beneath is as elegant as a riding habit*





# The extras that matter

JUST now, when we are between the seasons, is a most difficult time to dress smartly. Charming accessories—an elegant bag, a distinctive scarf or an unusual belt—can give “uplift” to the whole ensemble

—JEAN CLELAND

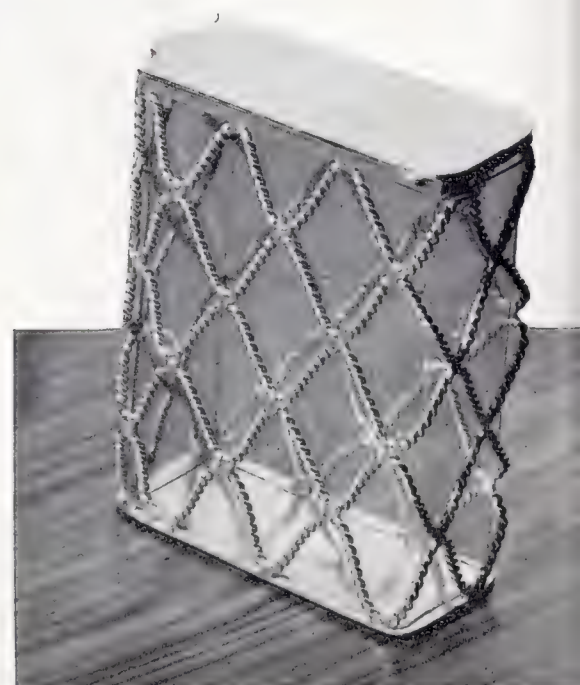


Above: A smart stole in striped organza for evening wear. Price £6 from Elizabeth Arden

Below: A silk stole, delicate and dainty, in soft colours. It costs £5 5s. at Woollands



“Liplex” cases, holding paper tissues for “blotting” the lips or cleaning the fingers. Jewelled, 19s. 6d., plain, 13s. 6d. Fortnum and Mason



From an Italian model house comes this cigarette case in gold mesh with pearls. Harvey Nichols have it in stock at £6 16s. 6d.





*his charmingly  
shioned belt gives  
ditional distinc-  
n to a black dress.  
10s. at Woollands*

*black satin evening bag in  
grand manner, £10 10s.  
justable pearl lariat,  
7s. 6d. Elizabeth Arden*



*This party bag, actually of black straw,  
looks as if made of tiny glittering beads.  
Price £9 5s. From Finnigans, Ltd.*



Dennis Smith

*This fitted cocktail bag in gold and  
white brocade is fully equipped with  
make-up kit. It may be had from £8 8s.  
from Coty's Salon, New Bond Street*





Beauty

by Jean Cleland



One of the best remedies for dry skin is Yardley's Complexion Milk



## Four rules for supple skin

IT seems I have been under a delusion. With all that has been said and written about the daily care of the skin, I thought the subject was exhausted. This, apparently, is not so. The number of requests that have come to me lately from friends and readers, for further information regarding daily routine and suitable creams and lotions for both dry and oily complexions, indicates that an article devoted to these questions would not be amiss.

Space being limited, it will, of course, have to be a couple of articles dealing first with one type of skin and then with the other, and since I have a letter in front of me saying "My skin gets terribly dry in the hot weather, please tell me what to do for it," I will tackle the dry type first.

Simple everyday routine can be summed up under four headings: *Cleanse, Tone, Nourish and Protect*. Five minutes night and morning should be sufficient to cover this programme, and provide a basic treatment for creating and maintaining a healthy, smooth and fine-textured complexion.

THE best way of cleansing a dry skin is, and always has been, a controversial subject. While a great many beauty salons advocate cleansing cream as being the most beneficial thing for the purpose, there are others who adhere firmly to the good old soap and water method beloved of our forebears, and favoured still by a vast number of people today. The cry "Oh! but I wouldn't feel clean if I didn't wash my face" is a very frequent one, and although, in actual fact, a good cleansing cream does the job every bit as effectively as soap, it is a matter of personal choice and of individual feeling.

If you belong to the "washing" brigade, there are one or two points to be remembered.

(1) Do not use hard water on your face. If the water in your particular area is hard, soften it with some sort of water softener, otherwise it can be injurious to a dry, sensitive skin. (2) Do use a really good complexion soap. There are special non-drying face soaps which, bland and soothing, can be relied upon not to irritate or have any harsh effect. Cyclax Skin soap, Coty's Avocado soap (containing oils from the avocado pear), Yardley's sweetly scented Lavender—just to mention a few—are all carefully and scientifically blended to deal gently with a delicate skin. (3) After washing, give a second cleansing with some sort of soft cream. This prevents drying, and draws out any impurities that may still lie hidden deep in the pores. (4) Do not wash the face immediately on coming in from the sun. While this may seem refreshing, it is most inadvisable since, if the skin is inclined to burn easily, washing may tend to inflame it still further.

FOR the "cleansing with cream" method, choose a cream that liquifies easily directly it touches the skin. This avoids stretching and ensures deep penetration into the pores. Smooth it on fairly lavishly with a pad of cotton wool wrung out in cold water, then wipe off with tissues or a clean towel and repeat the process. The look of the tissues after use will show you how necessary this is.

If you would like to adopt a combined washing and cream method, you can get a special preparation made by Lancôme, called "Fraicheur." This is a deep cleansing cream to be used like soap, with water. It is excellent for removing make-up and, massaged into the face and removed by rinsing with clear water, it keeps the skin beautifully soft and smooth.

After cleansing comes toning. This is necessary for refining the pores, firming the contours and stimulating the circulation, to keep the complexion glowing and young.

Wring a pad of cotton wool out in cold water and sprinkle with tonic lotion, then either make it into a firm, egg-shaped pad and pat with this, or wrap it round a face patten, which is really the easier and better way. Elizabeth Arden makes a lovely, supple one which is very good for the purpose. Pat along the jaw-line from the chin to the ears, then up the face and out to the ears, avoiding the cheek-bones, and lastly along the forehead from the bridge of the nose up and out to the temples.

The next step is massage—for a dry skin particularly it is highly important. This should be done with a rich skin food, and worked well in with upward and outward movements. If there are any little lines to be erased, a few drops of muscle oil mixed with the skin food in the palm of the hand will prove helpful.

SOME people complain that their skin is of the excessively dry, sensitive type that does not seem to respond to ordinary skin food. They need not despair. For them there are special preparations to supply the particular nourishment which this type of skin lacks. A very effective one of the kind is Helena Rubinstein's Vitamin Lanoline Formula, which, with a combination of natural oils in the lanolin, and vitamin A, replenishes the skin and works below the surface to give the much needed moisture, and smooth away wrinkles and crepiness. A dry skin that has little flaky patches, or has become irritated from exposure to the sun, can be greatly helped by using an "Eight-hour Cream" made by Elizabeth Arden. Any of these preparations should be massaged in in the morning and again each night, and can be alternated according to the needs of the particular case.

LASTLY, *Protect*. Before making up, pat on a good protective cream and blend it well into the skin. There are a number of excellent makes from which to choose, but if your skin is dry, remember that a cream is more suitable than a lotion. A protective cream acts as a foundation, and in addition to guarding the skin from different kinds of weather (cold winds and hot sun) keeps it smooth and matt throughout the day.



# THEY WERE ENGAGED



Fayer

**Miss Annette A. E. Booth**, ward of the Rev. C. W. Chastel de Boinville, of Eastbridge Court, Hythe, Kent, is to marry Mr. William R. D. Anderson, the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Darnley Anderson, of Broomleaf, Farnham, Surrey



Fayer

**Miss Monica Stourton**, youngest daughter of the Hon. J. J. and Mrs. Stourton, of Miniature Hall, Wadhurst, Sussex, is shortly to marry Mr. Henry Louis Carron Greig, son of the late G/Capt. Sir Louis Greig, K.B.E., C.V.O., and of Lady Greig, of Thatched House Lodge, Richmond Park



Vandyk

**Miss Brenda Margaret Touche**, younger daughter of Sir Norman and Lady Touche, of Broomfield, Westcott, near Dorking, Surrey, has announced her engagement to Mr. Ronald Edward Artus, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest E. Artus, of Hillview Drive, Hucclecote, Gloucester



Fayer

**Miss Jane Rosemary Isobel Brown**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brown, of Weald Chase, Cuckfield, Sussex, is engaged to Mr. Leonard Clifford William Figg, only son of the late Sir Clifford Figg, and of Lady Figg, of Albert Court, S.W.7. The wedding takes place next month



**Miss Denise Froud**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Froud, of Cradley, Sunningdale, Berkshire, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. W. G. Needham, of The Gables, Sunningdale, Berkshire





**Thornton—Cameron.** Mr. Michael Thornton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thornton, of Adel Grange, Adel, Leeds, married Miss Rosemary Cameron, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cameron, of Cowesby Hall, Cowesby, Yorks, at St. Mary's Church, Leake, Yorks

## THEY WERE MARRIED



**Tabor—Nivison.** Major David Tabor, M.C., Royal Horse Guards, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tabor, of Beech House, Redcoats Green, Herts, married the Hon. Pamela Nivison, second daughter of Lord and Lady Glendyne, of Herontye, East Grinstead, Sussex, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, London, W.1



**Cowderoy—Colton.** Mr. Norman D. Cowderoy, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Cowderoy, of Manor Road North, Esher, married Miss Jennifer M. V. Colton, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Colton, of Blackhill Cottage, Esher, at St. Andrew's Church, Cobham, Surrey



**Meredith—Hardy—Pleydell-Bouverie.** Mr. Michael Meredith-Hardy, youngest son of the late Mr. H. Meredith-Hardy and of Mrs. Meredith-Hardy, of Park Street, W.1, married Miss Penelope Pleydell-Bouverie, only daughter of the Hon. B. Pleydell-Bouverie, of Syosset, New York, and the late Lady Doreen Pleydell-Bouverie, at the church of St. James's, Piccadilly

**Polhill—McCombe.** Mr. Frederick John Polhill, of Harcourt Terrace, South Kensington, the younger son of the late Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. A. H. Polhill, married Miss Helen Boswell McCombe, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. McCombe, of Gillsland, Beith, Ayrshire, at Beith High Parish Church





# DELMAN

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*Delman's Crocodile Shoes are comfortable all the time, all the way—soft and flexible from the very first.*

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or your order by post  
which will receive the  
characteristic Delman care.*

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a pair

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## Motoring

# THE GRAND ALLIANCE

THE close liaison between aviation and motoring has been evident for years. It comes about largely because of the power plant link. Although some of the manufacturing processes and some of the stressing for aircraft wings and fuselages are similar to those for motor-car chassis and bodies, the engines are a great deal closer together. The motor-car piston engine was the first aeroplane power plant. And today the latest aero-engines still show an affinity to up-to-date car engines.

Therefore at the time of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' Display at Farnborough it is interesting to note the names of the manufacturers who are in the forefront with aero-engines. Rolls-Royce, for instance, has been a leader in the field of aero-engine design and manufacture since World War One and is still keeping a short distance ahead of the rest of the world with its new Conway by-pass engine. If any manufacturer is well equipped in knowledge and experience for launching a gas turbine car, it is Rolls-Royce. But in accordance with tradition it will not do so unless there has been a long period of development work first.

Armstrong Siddeley is another company with the fullest gas turbine experience and with an advanced piston-engine car on the market. I reported the other day upon the new equipment now made available in Sapphires, including not only power steering, but also ride control and power-operated windows. Armstrong Siddeley will be very much in the news during this Farnborough week.

THEN we have Bristol; a company unlike those just mentioned in that it covers the whole aeronautical field, both airframes and engines, and is also engaged on car production. The Bristol car, as I see it, bears clear evidence in its basic specification, in its appearance and in its behaviour on the road, to the Bristol company's extensive aeronautical activities.

Napier is a company which, unfortunately, has given up building cars. But when it made its name in the world of aviation—chiefly with the Napier Lion three-bank engine—it was producing a fine six-cylinder car which was considered to be among the world's best. Now Napier is interested in gas turbines and in gas producers for helicopters.

In the group of companies which concentrate still upon piston engines there is the name of Alvis. Here, once more, we have a firm that is equally engaged upon car production and aero-engine production. Alvis—whose chairman and managing director, Mr. J. J. Parkes, is president of the S.B.A.C.—is making two piston engines of importance to aviation, the Leonides and the Leonides Major. The company had the sense not to be stampeded into gas turbines. It saw that there would be a continuing and probably an increasing demand

for piston engines and so it set to work to develop its radial air-cooled units.

There are other companies which are interested at once in aviation and in motoring. But I have named the outstanding examples.

And the association is usually of benefit to both sides. Motor-car engines are improved by the introduction of aero-engine methods and ideas; while aero-engines continue to learn from car engines. It is a fruitful partnership.

IN one respect, however, this partnership has been ineffective. It is in the matter of roads. Good roads do not benefit motoring alone; they also benefit aviation. It is a truism to say

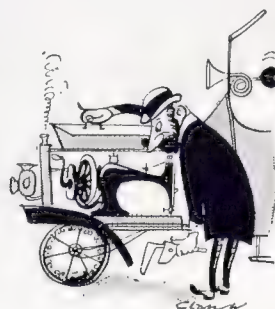
that fast air journeys are partly vitiated by slow road journeys at each end. Had aviation come in and supported motoring with all its weight in the fight for better roads, it would have helped to move the Government more quickly and more vigorously. It did not do so. When the Gatwick project was mooted, aviation ought to have risen up against it because it meant and will mean further congestion on the Brighton road. The theory that traffic will use the railways is not tenable. Most of the additional traffic arising out of the development of Gatwick as an airport will use the roads. And already the main road is overcrowded.

It would be in the interests of both aviation and motoring if they were to co-operate much more than they have done in the past. It is true that some people in aviation look to the helicopter to solve terminal communication problems. They think that air passengers will complete their journeys from the airports to the centres of the cities by helicopter and not by road. But Mr. Masfield has warned us that at least ten years must pass before helicopters are developed to the stage when they could undertake these terminal transport duties effectively. Meanwhile all the terminal traffic goes by road.

MORE rumours are spreading about the Motor Show. We have heard repeatedly the one about the "revolutionary, small sports car" but now we hear of "entirely novel



THE "GOLDEN JAGUAR" class winner of a *concours d'élégance* organized at a Los Angeles restaurant has on its left its owner, Mrs. Peter Satori, and her husband, and (right) Miss Jeanne Crain, the film star, Mr. J. Eerdmans, and Mr. Bob Dalton, the sponsor



family saloons." The success of the Volkswagen has stimulated thought and encouraged some designers to draw up plans for models having durability as the primary aim, with economy of operation as the secondary one. When those two aims are kept in view, the air-cooled engine almost invariably appears in the project.

There is really nothing against the air-cooled engine today. Its earlier troubles have been overcome; it is as reliable as a liquid-cooled engine and as smooth running. It is only its relative noisiness that holds it back. Nor is it easy to see how an air-cooled engine can ever be made as quiet as a liquid-cooled engine of the same performance. The liquid is an effective baffle.

So if the air-cooled engine makes headway it is still likely to be in the low price field. In the higher priced field people will continue to prefer the added expense and trouble of liquid cooling in order to obtain silent running.

ON one of the roads I use two or three times a week a large notice has been erected which says: "Learn to know the Highway Code." It is beautifully painted and is set up on a large board of the finest wood attached to stout supports. The cost must have been considerable. But what happens when motorists pass that notice? If it does what it must be intended to do, it attracts their attention and causes them to read it. In short, the local authority has spent a good deal of public money in distracting the attention of drivers from the road and other traffic.

This is the kind of notice which needs weeding out and throwing away, as being liable to increase the risks to which road users are subjected.

YET we find the Royal Automobile Club listing its "black spot" investigations and giving under the heading "Signposting" only two sub-heads: "Lack of" and "Inadequate." Observe there is no mention of redundant signposting, which is the most serious trouble of all. The R.A.C. asks road users to report "black spots," so here is my contribution: the places where there are redundant signs, one example being that idiotic sign about the Highway Code.

— Oliver Stewart





## BACKGROUND TO JAGUAR BREEDING....

### FLORIDA

North-west of Miami's famous skyline lies Sebring—scene of the Florida 12 hour Grand Prix. This important event in the World Championship Calendar was won outright in 1955 against the strongest international competition by Mr. Briggs Cunningham's Jaguar, driven by Mike Hawthorn and P. Walters, which set up a new record for the race.



Grace . . . Space . . . Pace . . .

# JAGUAR



## DINING IN

### An "R" in the month

THERE is an "R" in this month, which means that oysters and mussels are here again. Though I delight in quite a number of cooked oyster dishes, I would be fearful of the wrath of readers were I even to whisper about them at the beginning of the season. But mussels are another matter. It was Grimod de la Reynière, the famous culinary author and gastronome, who said they were "the poor man's oysters." Perhaps—but, if I were a millionaire, they would still be for me one of the most delicious of all shellfish.

The largest mussels are not necessarily the best. Some of the tiny ones we get in Normandy and Brittany are very good indeed, but the most satisfactory are a good size larger.

They must first be really well cleaned. When you get them home, scrub them under running cold water, then, if possible, let them rest for a day in several changes of water with enough salt in it to approximate that of the sea. At one time, during this cleaning period, I used to add a handful of flour or oatmeal to the water, having been told that either was a good "feeder," but a shellfish expert tells me that this is quite wrong.

FIRST of all mussel dishes is, of course, *Moules Marinière* which, as the name indicates, is the seaman's way with mussels and, as such, is free of all pretensions to *haute cuisine*. It is the beginning of most mussel dishes.

For four servings, you will require 1½ to 2 pints of mussels. Clean them well as above. In a large pan with a tightly fitting lid, place a wineglass of dry white wine, a finely chopped shallot, a chopped small onion, a few parsley stalks, a walnut of butter and a little freshly milled pepper, but no salt as there is enough in the mussels themselves. Some people also add a tiny sprig of thyme, a small bay leaf and a chopped clove of garlic, but I do not.

Get this mixture boiling hard. Having pulled out the weeds, drop the mussels all at once into the pan, put the lid on, and heat as fiercely as possible. After a minute or so, give the pan a very good shaking and, after 5 or 6 minutes, all the mussels should be open and ready to go to table. It is not necessary to remove one of the shells. Anything which delays the mussels' arrival detracts that much from their perfection.

Lift out the mussels with a ladle into a large tureen, sprinkle them with a dessertspoon of chopped parsley, strain the stock over them and serve.

While cleaning, discard any opened mussels, also abnormally heavy ones, likely to be filled with mud.

IN another version of *Moules Marinière* the stock is thickened a little. For this, make a *beurre manié* by working together 1 oz. butter and ½ oz. flour. Strain the stock into another pan, crumble enough *beurre manié* into it to thicken it to your liking and bring just to boiling point. The sauce should not boil for then, strangely enough, it would taste raw.

For *Moules Poulette*, cook the mussels as above. Melt a walnut or two of butter in a saucepan and, in it, gently cook 1 dessertspoon flour. Remove from the heat and stir in the strained stock from the mussels. Return to the heat and simmer until the sauce reaches the desired thickness. (If the yield of stock was large, it should be reduced to strengthen its flavour.) Stir in the yolk of an egg, beaten with 2 to 3 tablespoons cream and a few drops of lemon juice. Do not reboil. Pour the sauce over the shelled mussels which, meanwhile, have been keeping warm in their pot.

As the season advances, I shall give further delicious ways of serving mussels.

—Helen Burke



ERWIN SCHLEYEN, managing director of the Mirabelle Restaurant, with his manager Albert Claes on the garden steps behind the restaurant. During World War Two M. Schleyen served with the Special Forces

Ivon de Wynter



AT THE TOP TABLE, when the South African cricketers dined at Simpson's Services Club, were Lord Colwyn (l.-h. corner), Miss Pat Smythe, Major Huskisson, Mr. K. Viljoen, Dr. S. L. Simpson, Mr. J. E. Cheetham, Mr. R. Aird, Mr. J. G. Stewart, Lord Aberdare and Mr. D. J. McGlew

## DINING OUT

### Gift from the gods

BY great good fortune and the kindness of Willie Notari of La Cocquille, I have acquired a remarkable book called *Dinners And Dinners: Where And How To Dine In London*, by Lt.-Col. Newnham Davis, published by Grant Richards in 1899. This is a collection of a series of articles which were published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1897-98.

There are forty-seven chapters and each chapter is devoted to one hotel or restaurant where the gallant Colonel dined out, giving in very precise detail the plans made preparatory to the meal, the persons whom he consulted and who assisted him with his choice and then the menu with each item priced separately. He also publishes one or two recipes at the end of each chapter as to how some of the specialities were prepared by the maître chefs responsible.

Many of the places that had great names in those days no longer exist, such as Romano's, Gatti's, the Hotel Cecil, the Avondale in Piccadilly, Frascati's, Pagani's, Walsingham House in Piccadilly, and Epitau's in the Haymarket, but there are many left. The whole thing makes fascinating reading and from time to time I propose to follow in the footsteps of the author, interview the managers and the chefs as he did and order the menus that he chose, or, to avoid suffering some awful financial shock, at least inquire what it would cost me if I had the wherewithal.

BACK to 1898 and to the Savoy with Col. Newnham Davis who had decided to entertain a Mrs. "Charlie" Sphinx to dinner. He telephoned London 35466, that being the number of the Savoy at that time, and having failed to get a reservation by telephone went down in person to see M. Echenard, the manager, whom he eventually cajoled into giving him a table. He then set to ordering the dinner and as he remarks "to take on oneself the responsibility of this with such a chef as Maître Escoffier in the kitchen is no small matter" and this was the menu on which he finally decided. To save space I put the price and any particular observations that he made against each item, and remember that in every instance it was for two people:

Two couverts, 1s.; *hors d'œuvres* (he leaves out any mention of *hors d'œuvres* on the bill, possibly this was "on the house"); Bortsch ("of all the restaurants where they make this excellent Russian dish, the Savoy takes the palm"), 3s.; *Timbales de Fillet de Sole à la Savoy*, 6s.; *Mousse Jambon* ("because no one can make them like Maître Escoffier"), 6s.; *Poulet de Grain Polonoise*, 8s.; *Salade*, 2s.; *Parfait de Foie Gras*, 6s.; Asparagus, 7s. 6d.; *Pêches Glacées Vanille*, 7s.; 1 bottle Champagne No. 133 (Clicquot), 15s.; Café, 2s.; Liqueur, 2s.; Total: £3 5s. 6d.

AND so to the Savoy again on the same mission in 1955, fifty-seven years later. M. Echenard is replaced by Mr. W. A. Hofflin, the General Manager, and his chief of staff, M. Charles Fornara. For Auguste Escoffier we have Auguste Laplanche, the *maître chef*, with Mr. Amanda as king of the restaurant and Luigi reigning in the Grill Room. Although I did not meet these gentlemen, as August time is holiday time, their deputies deputized with great courtesy.

The *Timbales de Fillet de Sole à la Savoy* was a new experience for me and a masterpiece, Dublin Bay prawns replacing the crayfish which are out of season, but I am afraid the delicate stomachs of 1955 could in no way cope with the great menu consumed in 1898, and we made the *Timbales* our main course.

Nevertheless, they priced the menu for me that Col. Newnham Davis had in 1898 and here it is (for two people):

Bortsch, 15s.; *Timbales de Fillet de Sole à la Savoy*, 21s.; *Mousse Jambon*, 13s.; *Poulet de Grain Polonoise*, 27s.; *Salade*, 7s.; *Parfait de Foie Gras*, 37s.; English asparagus, 25s.; *Pêches Glacées Vanille*, 15s.; 1 bottle Champagne (Clicquot), 57s. 6d.; Café, 4s.; two Liqueurs, 9s. Total: £11 10s. 6d.—and worth it!

—I. Bickerstaff





# EL CÍD

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Amontillado*  
SHERRY



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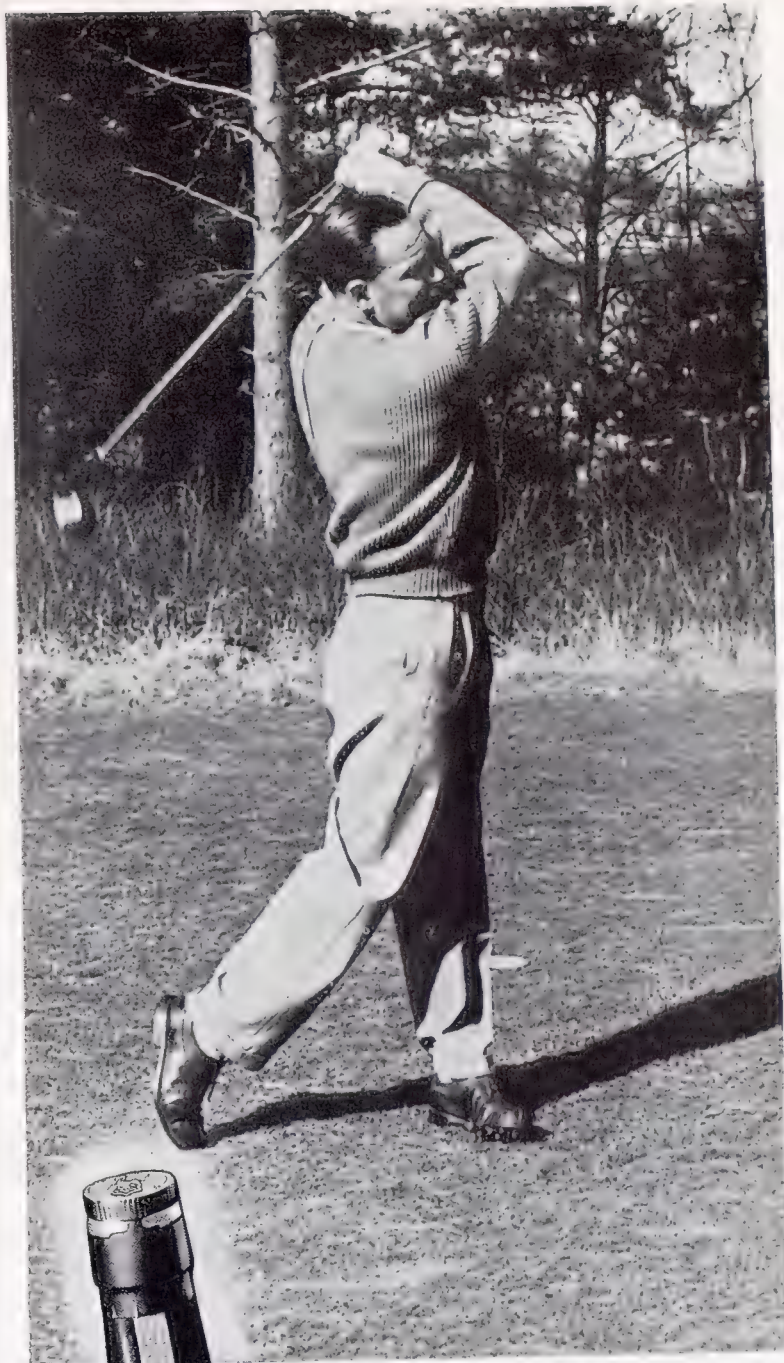
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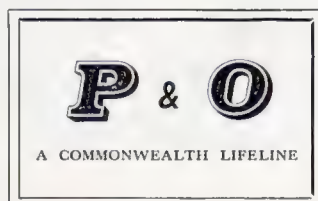


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MARGOT FONTEYN in her costume for the last scene of Ashton's *Daphnis and Chloë*. An illustration from *The Sadler's Wells Ballet* by Mary Clarke (A. & C. Black, 21s.), a history and appreciation of this great company, which will become a "must" for all followers of its fortunes



## Books (Continuing from page 316)

### Stern words on Wales

This is a novel whose tearing bumptiousness has, now and then, a sting in the tail. In John, suspiciousness alternates with a blind tomfoolery which irritates no less than hurts his clear-seeing wife. *That Uncertain Feeling* just is not unmixed comedy. Our hero's talent for getting himself into Bob Hope situations—see the incident with the Bill Evans car, and the night bus ride disguised as a female harpist in phoney Welsh national costume—is marked, and engaging. Mr. Amis, moreover, gives all his characters a sort of unaccommodating reality: Jean, with her sharp tongue and her angry loyalty, is the best of all. The story proceeds to its end at a fierce pace—funnier, when it chooses, than could seem possible. You may or may not like *The Uncertain Feeling*: I, personally, would not have missed it for anything.

Honouring Wales, land of my forefathers, I applaud John Lewis's diatribe, occasioned by having to sit through a poetic drama performed by the Darcy Players. "What a disgrace it was," he bursts out, "what a reproach to all Welshmen, that so much of the articulate parts of their culture should be invalidated by awful sentimental lying. All those phoney novels and stories about the wry rhetorical wisdom of poetical miners, all those boring myths about the wonder and glory and terror of life in the valley towns, those canonizations of literary dead-beats, charlatans and flops—all this in a part of the world where there was enough material to keep a hundred honest poets and novelists chained to the typewriter. . . ." Let us hope Mr. Amis will stay chained to his. *That Uncertain Feeling* should disperse cobwebs.

★ ★ ★

KEEP HIM MY COUNTRY, by Mary Durack (Constable, 13s. 6d.), is an addition to Australia's ever-increasing literary output. The scene of the novel is north Australia, the subject, a life which still carries the pioneer stamp. Stanley Rolt, the hero, aged thirty-five, has for years been manager of a cattle station, called Trafalgar, in the formidable, untamed loneliness of the outback. "Stan" to all, he rules a turbulent world, in which aborigines play a part. The stockmen are tough, the white-womanless station buildings are of an arid, desolating discomfort. Romance, atmosphere, so far as there is any at all, sifts in from the surrounding natives, who cling with passion to the land nominally reft from them by the white man. Stanley's grandfather, old Rolt—now living elsewhere, he still is the owner of Trafalgar—had in youth been one of the most iron-willed of the pioneers.

Inevitably, the colour problem raises its head. Stan Rolt imagines himself (emotionally at least) done with it, but the end of an ancient tale has yet to be told. . . . Miss Durack, with pioneer blood in her veins, pictures a world she deeply knows and, it is evident, also loves. The interest of *Keep Him My Country* is considerable, and its human poignancy not less. Social life enters with the Crocodile Creek race-days. So many characters and incidents, all vivid, have been crowded into this story that, inevitably, the love-theme tends to submerge: one only grasps its full meaning towards the end.

★ ★ ★

MAJOR THOMPSON LIVES IN FRANCE (Cape, 9s. 6d.) has enjoyed a sweeping success in France—which indeed is this book's country of origin. Continental sales now exceed 300,000. Pierre Daninos, creator of Major Thompson, is *ostensibly* the fine old fellow's translator. Here's a one hundred per cent Englishman seen through French eyes, airing his true-blue British views on the Gallic habits. The humour (and it's always good humour) cuts both ways: the French have relished little hits at themselves, but, no less at our Major's sturdy absurdities. Naïve as a type, Major Thompson is often acute—so much so, sometimes, as to seem a shade unlikely. In the main he is a caricature, though a friendly one. Now, re-translated into his native tongue, he addresses our side of the Channel. The Walter Goetz drawings are to the point, and often exquisitely funny.

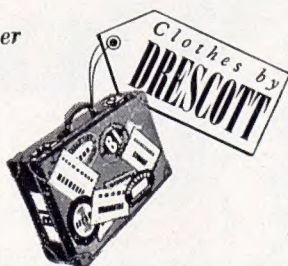




An actual photograph

## personality plus

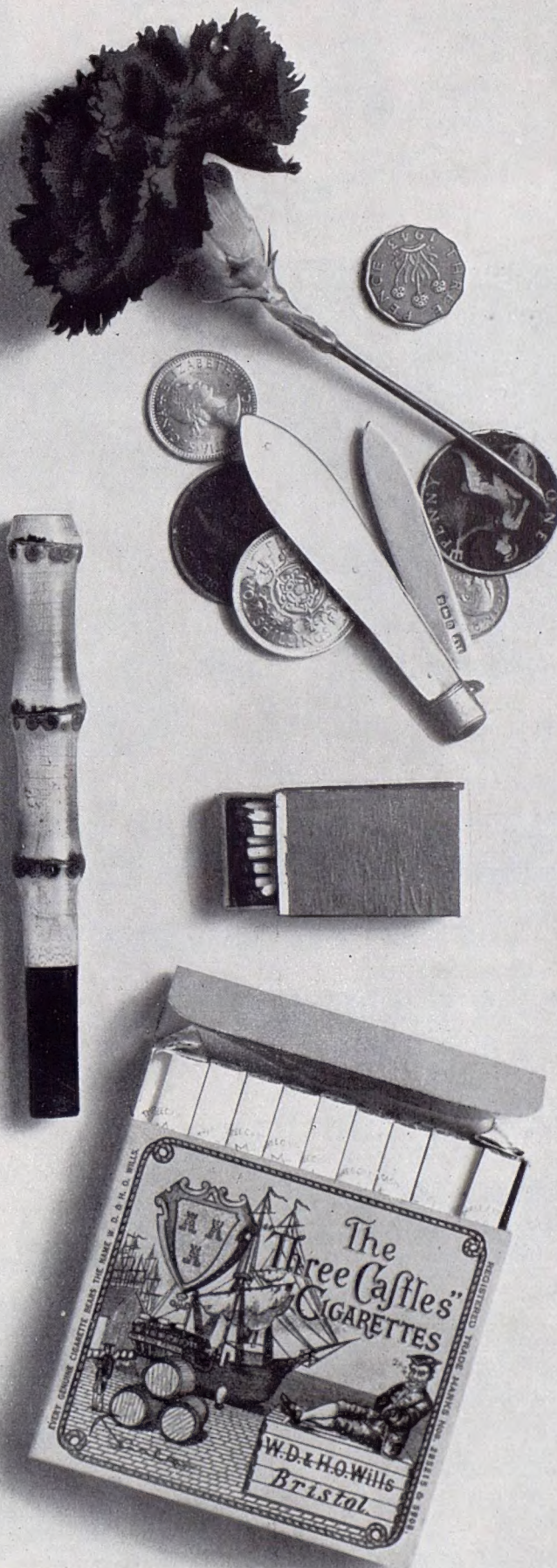
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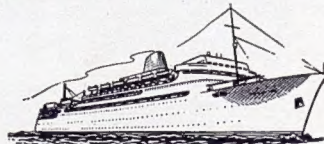
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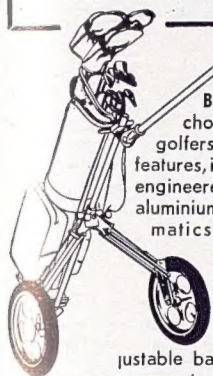


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